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Chronicles

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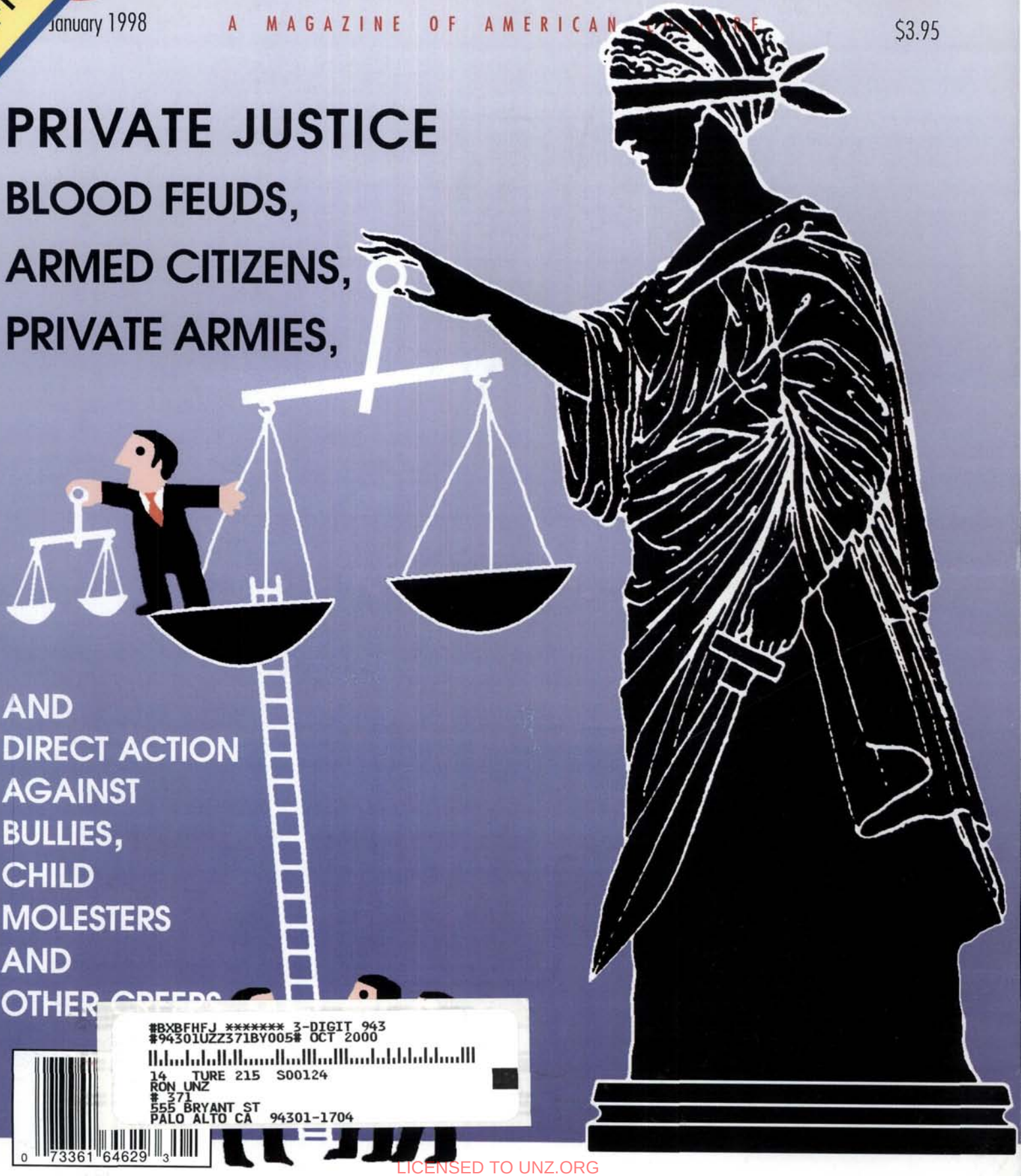

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PUZZLED BY U.S. POLICY TOWARD THE BALKANS?

America's Intervention in the Balkans

Why did America adopt a deeply flawed, anti-Christian, pro-Muslim policy in the Balkans? What are the implications of that policy, not only for the people of the area, but for the rest of Europe, and—above all—for America itself?

America's Intervention in the Balkans is the result of an international conference held in Chicago in March 1997, which was sponsored by The Lord Byron Foundation for Balkan Studies and *Chronicles*. Contributors include prominent scholars specializing in Southeast Europe and *Chronicles* editors and writers, such as:

"WHAT IS GOOD FOR AMERICA" ***by Sir Alfred Sherman***

"The war in Bosnia was America's war in every sense of the word. The U.S. administration helped start it, kept it going, and prevented its early end."

⚜

"TODAY SARAJEVO, TOMORROW CHICAGO: THE TYRANNY OF HUMAN RIGHTS" ***by Thomas Fleming***

"The so-called New World Order . . . is only the American Empire doing business under a new logo. . . . As an ancient Scot said of the First World Order, the Roman Empire: 'they make a desert, they call it peace.'"

⚜

"THE PRICE OF EMPIRE" ***by Samuel Francis***

"The ultimate price of empire, its ultimate domestic consequence, is the death of the very people and civilization of the society that chooses . . . the path of empire."

Other contributors include:

SRDJA TRIFKOVIC ("*Serbian Politics and U.S. Strategy in the Balkans*"), **MICHAEL STENTON** ("*America in Bosnia: A Sign of Things to Come*"), **YELENA GUSSKOVA** ("*The Role of Russia*"), **JAMES GEORGE JATRAS** ("'*Benevolent Global Hegemony': The U.S. as the World's Policeman*"), **RAJU G.C. THOMAS** ("*The New Security and Moral Agenda in a U.S.-Dominant World*"), **SCOTT P. RICHERT** ("*New Cops on the Block*"), and **JOSEPH SOBRAN** ("*The (New) Ugly American*").

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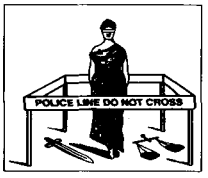
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

PERSPECTIVE



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Chilton Williamson, Jr., recommends *Nearer, My God: An Autobiography of Faith* by William F. Buckley, Jr. ◆ Glenn Wallach draws on a rich variety of sources for *Obedient Sons: The Discourse of Youth and Generations in American Culture, 1630-1860,* writes **Philip Jenkins** ◆ *The Great American Gun Debate: Essays on Firearms and Violence* by Don B. Kates, Jr., and Gary Kleck brings the debate into the 90's with startling new research, reports **Harry Hogan** ◆ **David A. Bovenizer** has high praise for *Nashville 1864: The Dying of Light* by Madison Jones ◆ **Gregory McNamee** follows Mike Bryan's four-lane path in *Uneasy Rider: The Interstate Way of Knowledge* ◆ 24

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JANUARY 1998/3

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A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On Pat Buchanan

Pat Buchanan's October article ("Mr. Lincoln's War") allows us to glimpse the concern, the love, and the care of those Americans savaged by the Civil War. Mr. Buchanan provided important insights into Abraham Lincoln's different political stances before, during, and after the Civil War. The revisionist history that has been foisted upon our land is a betrayal of those who died or were wounded in the war. Our history has been ravaged by the machinations of those lusting for power, greed, or vainglory.

Thanks to Mr. Buchanan, I now have a review of the Civil War that gives me some measure of comfort and consolation, and for that I am grateful. And now I must go to Gettysburg again, and, at those tombs of the Civil War dead, bestir myself with conflict, because for so long their dedication—their ardor—has been misrepresented. Pat Buchanan's love of the truth, "the love that survives the tomb," has enabled me to understand this tumultuous period of American history.

—Virginia G. Brunner
St. Louis, MO

On Naomi Wolf

Karina Rollins captured perfectly the essence of spoiled-brat feminism with her cogent review of Naomi Wolf's book *Promiscuities: The Secret Struggle for Womanhood* ("Naomi's Secret," October).

Ms. Wolf is a textbook example of the postmodern, upper-middle-class, educated American woman who has too much time on her hands and who—having acquired a measure of celebrity and material success—now yearns for (nay, demands) recognition as a serious thinker.

This type was best described by the late author Frederick Exley, who said that what annoyed him the most about Gloria Steinem was "her haughty insistence that her problems must become my problems."

—O.M. Ostlund, Jr.
State College, PA

On Liberalism and Catholicism

James Hitchcock, in his review of my *Heart of the World, Center of the Church* ("City of Man, City of God," September), argues that the book is "the summing up of a controversy over a . . . specifically Catholic . . . view of politics" which pits me against certain neoconservative Catholics and, behind them, the Jesuit theologian John Courtney Murray. But, as I say in its opening paragraph, the book is rather about the *communio* (communion) ecclesiology of the Second Vatican Council, with its new understanding of the Church-world relation. Hitchcock thus misses the fundamental purpose of the book: to clarify the meaning of *liberation* and *liberalism* in terms of the Council, as interpreted in the pontificate of John Paul II and in the work of theologians such as H. U. Von Balthasar, J. Ratzinger, and H. de Lubac.

Presuming that I agree "with those who think the United States was from its inception the child of the antireligious Enlightenment," Hitchcock thinks it odd that I do "not examine the nation's founding documents and their subsequent interpretation." But this is not odd at all, since my purpose was to consider how certain Catholic authors had appropriated the American founding. In fact, I grant that theism abounded in the United States at the time of its founding. I assume that the founding is religious, in the sense that Murray and his contemporary disciples say it is, but I also criticize that sense of positive religiosity as still unacceptably liberal given an authentic postconciliar anthropology.

My argument presupposes a distinction made in Will Herberg's classic *Protestant Catholic Jew*. America is at once genuinely religious in its (subjective, explicit) intention, and secularist in its (objective, albeit largely unconscious) philosophy. I grant the genuinely religious intention of America's liberal institutions, but I also maintain that the logic of these institutions inclines *simultaneously* toward secularism.

Hitchcock insists that the gulf between people's beliefs and their actions is hardly unique to America. But this misses Herberg's (and my) point: the pecu-

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liarity of the American situation is that the distinctive logic of American religiosity justifies this fragmentation of belief and behavior. Hitchcock claims evangelical Christianity as a second—and countervailing—force to secularism in America's founding. But he overlooks the way in which these two strains—Enlightenment secularism and evangelical (i.e., Puritan) Christianity—reinforce each other in American history.

Hitchcock says that as a philosopher I appear to believe that "he who says A must say B, whereas a historian would reply that he who says A can then say just about anything he pleases." Thus, the "problem with the first Amendment is not its implicit ideology," for "whatever the intention of the Founding Fathers, the present civil-libertarian understanding of the Religion Clause was not simply determined from the beginning." Hitchcock's point is that history is rather more contingent than my emphasis on "logic" seems to allow. However, my argument is not that an implied theology or philosophy *determines* social and cultural history but that it *inclines* history in a definite direction. In the words of Richard M. Weaver, "ideas have consequences." As far as I can tell, it is a nearly universal belief that one's assumptions about the nature of man and God in some significant sense guide one's behavior.

I claim that an insufficiently contemplative disposition toward God and neighbor, a disproportionate emphasis on "creativity" as distinct from "receptivity" in the basic structure of the human being, lies at the heart of America's cultural problems. (Mary's *fiat* expresses the ontological attitude of prayer, obedience, and love that is archetypical for human creatureliness.) This absence of a true sense of creatureliness takes extreme form in what John Paul II has termed our growing "culture of death." The primary question regarding America's "logic," therefore, is whether the American founding reveals a theological anthropology which grounds creatureliness as required by this *communio*-inspired vision.

I don't believe it does. Hitchcock, of course, is welcome to answer differently, but he should first recognize the argument. Instead, Hitchcock says that a more obvious explanation for our present troubles is sin. *Of course* sin is the basic explanation, but I insist, as does Pope John Paul II, that we must distinguish sin in its *subjective* dimension from sin in its *objective* or *external* dimension, which "takes concrete form as the content of culture and civilization, as a philosophical system, an ideology, a programme for action and for the shaping of human behavior" (*Dominum et Vivificantem*). This "objective" dimension of sin lies at the heart of what the Pope calls a "structure of sin." In my book, I concentrate on liberalism's structural sin: namely, its inadequate notion of creatureliness.

Hitchcock also finds my criticism of the "neoconservatives" premature. Our quarrel, he says, should be first with the "leaders of American Catholicism, including most of its bishops, [who] are not neoconservatives but liberals." But as Hitchcock knows, I argue in my book that we need to *redefine* the meaning of liberalism in light of Vatican II. From this perspective, most all of the recent dominant Catholic approaches to American culture embody an unacceptable liberalism.

Turning to my discussion of Father Theodore Hesburgh, Hitchcock is perplexed because "the American political tradition has little to do with the present state of academia." Presumably, Hitchcock is confused by my comparison of Hesburgh's approach to the "logic" of the academy with Murray's approach to the "logic" of the First Amendment. But I simply point out the common *theological-anthropological* assumptions of Hesburgh and Murray. Hesburgh's conception of a Catholic university precludes genuine integration of sanctity into the "logic" of intelligence, or of the academic disciplines. The substance of his university does not emerge *ex corde ecclesiae*.

Hitchcock's review reveals how fully he shares the assumptions of the conservative liberalism of the dominant Catholic approaches in recent decades. (For example, like the conservative liberals, Hitchcock puts too much emphasis on the Supreme Court decisions of the last 50 years as the source of our current problems.) His criticisms illustrate the very confusion about postconciliar Catholicism and American liberalism that first prompted me to write my book.

—David L. Schindler
Editor, Communio, *Washington, D.C.*

Aeschylus, *Oresteia.* A powerful drama of blood-revenge that threatens the social order until it is incorporated into law.

Euripides, *Hecuba.* An embittered mother with right on her side goes off the deep end while seeking vengeance.

Njal's Saga. Avengers go out of control and rip apart the fabric of Icelandic society by burning down a homestead with women and children.

John Webster, *The White Devil.* A wonderfully sinister Jacobean revenge tragedy.

William Faulkner, *The Unvanquished.* In Faulkner's most readable novel, a young man lives up to the Code by facing death without shooting his enemy.

Roger McGrath, *Gunfighters, Highwaymen, and Vigilantes.* A magnificent study of the armed and peaceful Old West.

Richard Maxwell Brown, *Strain of Violence* and ***No Duty to Retreat.*** The starting point for studying American vigilantism and self-defense.

Unforgiven. Almost universally misinterpreted as Clint Eastwood's attempt at "atoning" for his violent films, this Academy Award-winning movie shows how vigilantism often stems from the corruption of authority.

Southern Comfort. Often derided by liberal critics, this Walter Hill film paints a vibrant picture of a Cajun community defending itself from New South outsiders.

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LARRY NAMAN had had enough of arrogant and unresponsive politicians, and so he shot one. This past summer, the (media-described) drifter took aim and shot at the head of Maricopa County Supervisor Mary Rose Wilcox—a run-of-the-mill politician in Phoenix, known primarily for how loud and how often she can shout "police brutality." But thanks to an alert security official, the bullet missed its mark and struck Wilcox in the backside. Naman not only admitted his actions but explained his motivation: frustration over Ms. Wilcox's critical vote in favor of ramming a new sales tax—to build a Major League Baseball stadium for the expansion Arizona Diamondbacks—down the throat of the Phoenix community.

The levy, which was imposed without a public vote, was rationalized to Maricopa County residents as a small price to pay for the respectability that professional baseball would bring. Surely, the fact that the tax was temporary covered up any mistakes made in its implementation.

Such an argument ignored the seeds of discontent that were sown long before Naman shot Ms. Wilcox in order, in his words, to "restore democracy on the non-candidate side of the ballot." Those seeds had first sprouted during the primary election campaign of 1994, when Jim Bruner, the former chairman of the Board of Supervisors who had steered the stadium tax through the labyrinth of loopholes designed to avoid a public vote, lost his bid for a congressional seat. Next came Ed King, another tax supporter, who failed in his 1996 reelection bid for the Board of Supervisors. This left among the trinity of pro-stadium forces only Mary Rose Wilcox. When she won reelection in 1996, the backlash against the Bank One Ballpark was presumed to be over. Of course, as Larry Naman demonstrated, it wasn't.

From her hospital bed, Ms. Wilcox blamed Naman's attack on the evils of "hate radio," which ostensibly had driven Naman to madness. But Naman's statement was too articulate to fit the profile of a deranged drifter, and the chatter on the radio and in columns in the alternative media expressing sympathy with Naman's thoughts (if not his actions) made it clear that this shooting had touched on something important about the state of our democracy.

As Libertarian Party member Ernie Hancock told Barry Graham of the weekly *Phoenix New Times*: "[when] every single peaceful means to regain our freedoms [is exhausted], you cannot stop the people from rendering their own version of justice. Those that are frail of mind or spirit will be the first ones to go over the edge. The violence will start small, and it will grow. And it's all due to the fact that you are violating the rights of individual people and eliminating peaceful alternatives."

Hancock's comments were prescient. A month after the Wilcox shooting, the *Arizona Republic* reported on a rash of recent attacks on politicians in the Valley: a Phoenix council member had to dodge BB gunfire at her house and had her tires slashed; police hauled off an activist who refused to surrender the lectern at a Scottsdale City Council meeting; and a Gilbert (Arizona) councilman feared for his life and ran for an exit as angry citizens hurled insults at him. As Peter Drake, a private land planner in Phoenix, told the *Republic*, "The populace feels powerless to influence events. That leads to fear and ultimately to anger."

Meanwhile, the construction of the Bank One Ballpark goes on in Phoenix, and Mary Wilcox continues to recuperate. Did Wilcox deserve to end up in a hospital bed? Of course not. But as Barry Graham concluded, "it was her arrogance that put her there, and what happened to her should serve as a lesson to her and everyone else."

—*James Hill*

PRESIDENT CLINTON'S fall tour of South America raised an important question: What has happened to the adversarial role of White House television journalists? ABC's John Donvan reported that the President's photo-op tour of Caracas left Venezuela glowing. He said the President was greeted warmly and that his speech was an overwhelming success. There was a sound bite of President Clinton speaking in Spanish, "*Todo esta chevare en Caracas*" (sound of cheering). According to Donvan everybody there thought the President was "*chevare*," too. That's "terrific."

But that is not what really happened, according to many newspaper accounts. The *Chicago Tribune* headlined: "Clinton trade mission finding few friends." The article continued, "Despite Clinton's efforts the crowd that gathered for the speech was small . . . did not come close to filling the plaza." How close is not close? The *Washington Post* said, "a crowd of about 2,000 people was polite. . . . The capital's famed Plaza El Pantheon was two-thirds empty. This was far from the ecstatic popular outpouring the White House aides had predicted would greet the president on his first visit to South America."

So rather than the enthusiastic greeting described on the network news, the speech was a disappointment. The TV news screen showing the speech was a shot so tight that viewers could see only about ten rows back. Little did they know that most of the plaza was empty. Other White House reporters were also content to report what the White House *predicted* and *desired*, rather than what actually occurred.

Why was there so little enthusiasm for Clinton's visit? Was it because he was asking South America to accept a trade agreement? Or does the Clinton White House have a problem with diplomacy? This administration gave us William Weld as a nominee for ambassador to Mexico. Weld promptly insulted the chairman of the committee that must approve his appointment—not exactly a stroke of genius.

Could this diplomacy gap actually be a chasm? The *London Telegraph* wrote, "American demands that Brazil prepare for President Clinton's arrival by putting back its clocks, shutting down railway services and chopping down trees that might conceal snipers, insured a peppery welcome for the 'arrogant great gringo.'" But no one heard about the "arrogant great gringo" on the TV evening news. Only the print media reported that "The White House declined to comment on a series of diplomatic gaffes which mean despite the neighborly talk of shared values, Mr. Clinton will have to endure the ritual hostility which is the traditional

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backdrop for presidential visits to the South." For instance, "Brazil's Chief Justice Selso de Mello turned down an invitation to dinner with Mr. Clinton in protest to an American embassy document which dismissed the country's judicial system as inefficient. The American ambassador, Melvyn Levitsky, has spent a week trying to undo misunderstandings and apologizing for a reference to endemic corruption in Brazilian culture." The goodwill salvaged by the apology was scuppered again that weekend by a White House memo to the American press corps, describing Rio de Janeiro as one of the most dangerous cities in the world. It also said that São Paulo commuters make love in their cars during traffic jams and that Brasília is a dry and sterile city just as soulless as its administration. Even President Fernando Henrique Cardoso showed a flash of irritation after hearing that the White House wanted to change the time of a state dinner at his palace. He said, "Who decides about what time I have dinner at my place? That's me!" Brazilian Senate Chairman Antonio Carlos Magalhaes referred to the "typical arrogance one can expect from Americans." And the leader of the lower house of Brazil's parliament said simply, "I hate Americans!" The *Chicago Tribune* wrote, "People gathered along the motorcade route to watch Clinton go by, but there was little cheering or waving, mainly stares."

The presidential tour may have been important for legitimate reasons, but is it not equally important to report whether the White House is handling our national interests adroitly—or ineptly? While America's TV viewers enjoyed rosy photo-ops and rousing descriptions, print readers discovered that the Clinton tour ended with animal manure thrown on our President's limousine. UPI reported that dozens of protesters in Rio chanted anti-American slogans and held up signs reading, "Go home Clinton"; one in Portuguese read, "Yankee parasite get out of Brazil." Later, a rampaging mob smashed the windows of stores and cars, threw Molotov cocktails into banks, and set small fires in stores to protest President Clinton, while he savored an elegant state dinner two blocks away.

One can understand the White House wanting to put a positive spin on such a disaster. More difficult to grasp is how TV journalists can simply surrender their adversarial duty and become the P.R. corps, instead of the press corps. Network TV news viewership has dropped precipitously over the past few years, and for good reason.

—Don Wade
WLS News/Talk Radio
Chicago

The assault on tobacco

continues. The recent phenomenon of federal and state governments levying reparations on the tobacco industry for health care costs is unprecedented, and it presents much food for thought. It is likely that the companies, already diversified, will not suffer much, or at least a good deal less than they would if subject to endless class-action suits.

Other health-endangering corporations—Seagram's, Anheuser-Busch, the makers of the Corvair and the Pinto—have never been singled out in this way. In fact, they would more likely be candidates for bailout than prosecution. It is an easy bet that if the tobacco industry was as important to New York, Massachusetts, or Michigan as it is to the Carolinas, we would be seeing a rather different federal policy. South-hating, almost as old as American history, can always be called into play. A recent wire service story, datelined Tokyo, told how the evil tobacco growers of the Southeastern United States, facing declining domestic markets, are cruelly addicting unfortunate Japanese teenagers to cigarettes.

With all the talk of reparations these days, we ought to extend our thinking a little beyond the usual victim groups. The Indians (excuse me, Native Americans) owe us for the damage tobacco has done. The Europeans who first came to the New World were happily innocent of the Stinking Weed, but they soon caught on (and their governments soon recognized a great opportunity for monopolies and tax revenue). There were arguments all across Europe as to whether it was a good or a bad thing, but it was a major and ineradicable habit by the time the novelty died away, and tobacco quickly spread to the rest of the world. So the Native Americans, now flush with casino money, owe not only us poor white and black Americans, but the Europeans, the Chinese, and everyone else for having thrust this terrible addiction on us.

There are other curious features: the government suing for the recovery of healthcare costs, for instance. The tacit assumption seems to be that government is the main provider of healthcare—an idea I thought we defeated back in 1993. Is the government in fact grabbing for itself compensation that is potentially due to thousands of individual sufferers?

The tobacco saga also illustrates the sad ignorance of history that afflicts American bureaucrats and media. We ought to have a little more sympathy for tobacco. (I confess to being descended from a long line of tobacco farmers, one of the most skilled and intensive forms of agricultural endeavor.) Tobacco was *the* most important product of North America in the 18th century. It vastly aided the economic growth of America and was the mainstay of North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland. Without tobacco, development would have been retarded, and the colonies would not have had the strength to fight a War of Independence.

Possibly tobacco did not do our ancestors much harm, and may even have offered them considerable comfort in a world with fewer comforts and more dangers than ours—as it did the fighting men in World War II. Our forebears constantly breathed air infused with the smells of coal and wood fires, tanning, soapmaking, manuring, animal slaughtering, weaving, dyeing, and the like. A good pipe or dip of snuff was a pleasant change for them.

Before this century, people enjoyed tobacco in pipes, cigars, chewing plugs, and snuff. It appears that cigarettes, a strange modern invention, do the most harm. The older forms of tobacco were produced by craftsmanly efforts. The cigarette is a typical industrial product, mass-produced for the lowest common denominator. It is the emblem of our century, with its excessive urbanization, centralized governments, indiscriminate global warfare, uniformitarian culture, and frantic tempo. Smoke 'em if you got 'em.

—Clyde Wilson

Epicycles:

• Diversity Abroad: Statues of Martin Luther King, Jr., a Russian Orthodox duchess, a Presbyterian evangelist from Pakistan, and seven other notables are to be placed above the door of **Westminster Abbey**. As its dean explained in October, the new statues will be placed directly beneath carvings of the Virgin Mary and St. John the Evangelist. Next up: Maya Angelou's induction to Poets'

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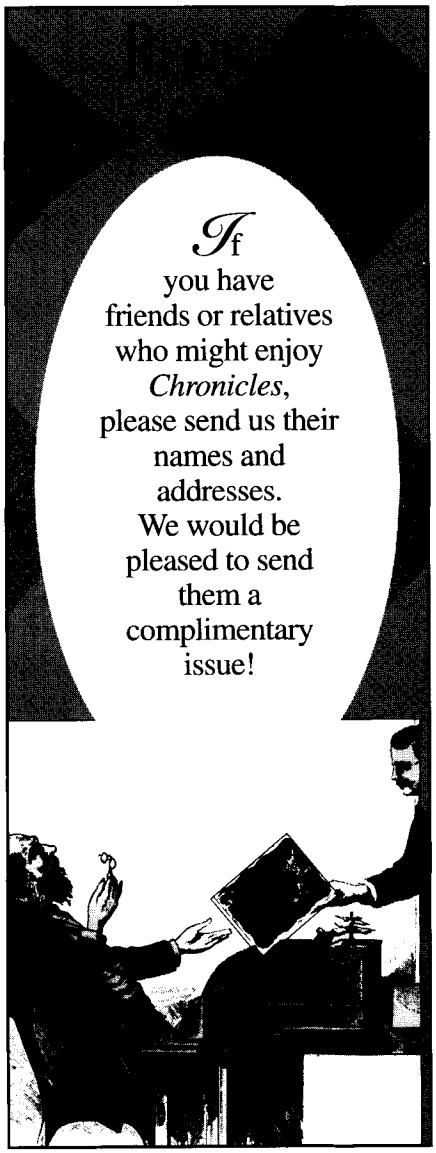
Corner.

• The Roots of *Roots*: Philip Nobile continues his debunking of the fictionalized and plagiarized Pulitzer Prize-winning *Roots* "by" **Alex Haley**. As reported in the October 6 issue of *Publishers Weekly*, Nobile claims that Haley was actually "semi-literate," that "virtually everything [in the book] was taken from somewhere else," that even "the epilogue contains lies about its preparation," and that "if [Doubleday] didn't know [about the plagiarism and fictionalizing] before, they knew after publication, and the book has never been withdrawn. Its resonance in the culture is an artifact of hype." Doubleday dismissed Nobile's comments as a "literary lynching," and pushed on with its preparation of *Roots: The Saga of an American Family* as part of Doubleday's centennial anniversary. Meanwhile, the BBC has aired a documentary on the Haley contretemps, quoting the judge who presided over Haley's plagiarism trial in 1977: "Haley perpetrated a hoax on the public." Don't hold your breath while waiting for an American airing of this show.



• Goodbye, England's Nose?: The former leader of Britain's Tories, Lord **Norman Tebbit**, has come under fire in recent months for decrying multiculturalism in Britain. Responding to the rapid rise of Islam in England, and concerned about parallels with the Balkans, Lord Tebbit stated, "We must see if we can find a way in which Muslims can be truly British. . . . But . . . if one is living in a Christian country, it is Christian law that overrides it." He continued, "in a society you have one language, you have one standard of ethics, you have one history. If asked where you stand, you stand on your country." Predictably, Tory leaders condemned Lord Tebbit's insensitivity, and even trotted out a 15-year-old Hindu student named Munish Chopra to declare that Tebbit "doesn't wield much power now." But the most disturbing reaction came from the Queen herself, who, according to the London *Telegraph*, remarked in a speech in Islamabad, Pakistan: "A distinctive new identity—that of British Muslim—has emerged. I find that healthy and welcome." She went on to say that "over half a million British citizens are of Pakistani descent, from politicians to filmmakers, from sportsmen to academics."

• Political Winds: On October 1, the White House sponsored a conference on **global warming** for TV weathermen. In exchange for attending, the weathermen were allowed to broadcast their forecasts from the White House lawn. Despite President Clinton's claim that "I don't ask for you to advocate or do anything outside of whatever your own convictions are," the media got the message. As Craig Allen, weatherman for CBS's morning show, told the *New York Times*: "[President Clinton] feels very strongly about it, and he just wants us to get the message out. And I'm happy to do it."

• Warming Up to the U.N.: **Ted Turner**'s recent donation of a billion dollars to a foreign government (namely, the United Nations), raises more than a few questions about his personal loyalties. While his generosity received front-page coverage, few papers—and none of the evening newscasts—noted CNN's subsequent decision to pull two ads opposing the U.N. Global Climate Treaty. Although the ads had been airing since September 10, CNN axed them on October 2, *the day after the White House global warming conference for weathermen*. According to CNN spokesman Steve Hayworth, "We did not pull it on the basis of known factual errors. We pulled it on the basis of our policy."

OBITER DICTA: In response to requests from readers, we have added a new feature to the front section of the magazine. **"Commendable"** highlights books and movies that illustrate the theme of the issue. This month's installment, for example, focuses on books (both fiction and nonfiction) and videos that explore revenge and self-defense.

Our art this month flows from the creative hands of **Igor Kopelnitsky**, a Russian artist living in Brooklyn. Since coming to the United States in 1990, Mr. Kopelnitsky has done illustrations for the *New York Times*, the *Daily News*, and the *Washington Post*, as well as *Chronicles*.

Collie Owens, an assistant professor of English at DeKalb College in Georgia and the poetry editor of the *Chattahoochee Review*, has contributed two poems to this issue. His poems and essays have appeared in the *Georgia Review*, the *Southern Partisan*, and the *Connecticut Review*, among other publications.

Virginia readers, take note: tell your friends that they can pick up their own copy of *Chronicles* at Old Town News, 721 King Street, Alexandria; Borders, 8311 Leesburg Pike, Vienna; Borders, Crossroads Center, Bailey's Crossroads; Barnes & Noble Superstore, Parham Plaza, Richmond; Barnes & Nobles Superstore, 1200 Hugenot Road, Midlothian; and Suburban News, 121 E. Little Creek Road, Norfolk.

In **Pennsylvania**, *Chronicles* can be found at Borders, 8701 Germantown Avenue and 1727 Walnut Street, Philadelphia; Encore Books, 1134 Franklin Mills Circle, Philadelphia; Avril 50, 3406 Ransom Street, Philadelphia; Gene's Books, King of Prussia Plaza, King of Prussia; Encore Books, Hilltown Crossing, Hatfield; Borders, Springfield Square Shopping Center, Springfield; Encore Books, Hampden Center, Mechanicsburg; and Borders, 1775 N. Highland Road, Pittsburgh.

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GREAT TOPICS—GREAT ISSUES

NATION UNDER GOD—December 1997—Thomas Fleming praises intolerance, D. George Leech outlines a Christian foreign policy, William A. Donohue discusses the last respectable bias–anti-Catholicism, Llewellyn H. Rockwell, Jr. shows why the Christian right needs Econ. 101, and Harold O.J. Brown questions the ethics of clergy.

IDENTITY POLITICS—November 1997—Thomas Fleming on race as the American religion, Samuel Francis on the witch-hunts of Morris Dees, Jacob Neusner on secular Judaism, and Joseph Fallon on the politics of Hispanic identity. Plus Justin Raimondo on the black war on Asians in San Francisco, and Mark Tooley on the church burning hoax.

IMPERIAL PRESIDENCY—October 1997—Patrick J. Buchanan on Mr. Lincoln's War, Samuel Francis on the demise of checks and balances, Llewellyn Rockwell on executive branch evils, and Donald Livingston and Thomas Naylor on the *real* meaning of the Pledge of Allegiance. Plus Thomas Fleming on how Presidents became our masters.

EDUCATION AND THE AMERICAN ELITE—September 1997—John Lukacs says "To Hell With College," George Watson on elitism and its virtues, J.O. Tate on the reign of "red diaper" babies in academe, and Herb London on parietals past and present. Plus Richard Wilbur on good manners and good literature, and Scott Southworth on the forced funding of student radicalism.

THE MEANING OF DEATH—AUGUST 1997—Bill Kauffman on the costs of war, Michael Hill on things worth dying for, Allan Carlson on the new euthanasia pill, and Barry Baldwin on the case for capital punishment. Plus Frank Brownlow's review of *Alias Shakespeare* by Joseph Sobran and Justin Raimondo's report on George Soros.

NATIONAL SUICIDE—July 1997—Thomas Fleming on learning a lesson from the Czechs, Curtis Cate on the French debate over immigration, R.J. Stove on Pauline Hanson's influence in Australia, Justin Raimondo on the future of the Pacific Northwest, William Murchison on why Mexico lost Texas, and Gregory McNamee on the state of Native Americans.

MANIFEST DISASTER—June 1997—Thomas Fleming on the new imperialism, Samuel Francis on globalism and its consequences, Joseph Sobran on the case for anti-Americanism, Srdja Trifkovic on America's role in the Balkans, and James George Jatras on benevolent global hegemony. Plus Rajko Dolecek's Letter from Pale, and Justin Raimondo on David Horowitz and the ex-communist confessional.

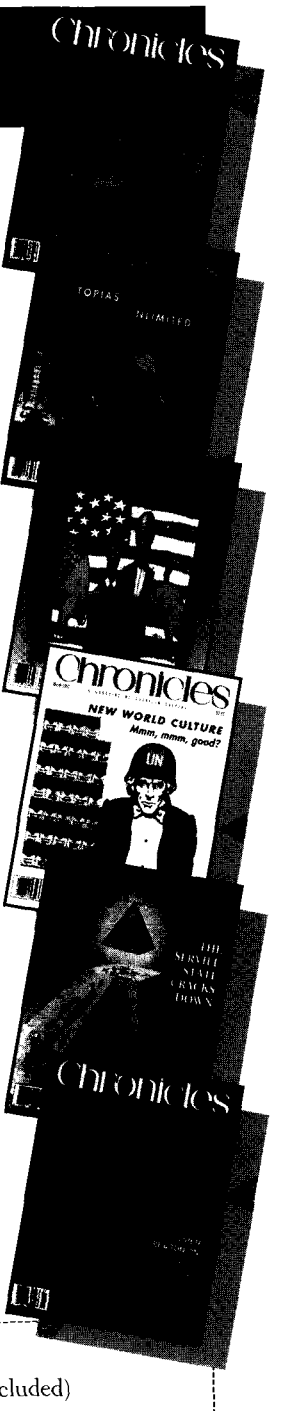
UTOPIAS UNLIMITED—May 1997—Thomas Fleming on the world of W.S. Gilbert, Thomas Bertonneau on the death of science fiction, Jesse Walker on the cult of Philip K. Dick, and Scott P. Richert on the *X-Files*. Plus Samuel Francis reviews the latest biography of H.P. Lovecraft, and August Derleth's last editor recalls the founding of Arkham House.

SQUEEZE PLAY: THE CONSERVATIVE MIDDLE—April 1997—Samuel Francis on the GOP flop, Mark Royden Winchell on paleoconservatism, George Watson on the strange friendship between conservatives and the free market, Martin Mawyer on the future of the Christian right, and Paul Gottfried on Martin Luther King as conservative hero.

NEW WORLD CULTURE: Mmm, mmm, good?—March 1997—Bill Kauffman on life on Planet Hollywood, David Hackett Fischer on multiculturalism's assault on scholarship, Jesse Walker on Ray Davies and the Kinks as localists, and Michael Hill on the New Reconstruction of the South. Plus former ambassador Frank Ruddy on "*Au Revoir*, Boutros."

THE SERVILE STATE CRACKS DOWN—February 1997—Thomas Fleming on why everybody gonna pay tax today, Samuel Francis on the new federal police state, Sarah J. McCarthy on why Uncle Sam is not trusted, and U.S. Congressman Don Manzullo on judicial taxation without representation.

HATE: OPEN SEASON ON HUNS, POLACKS, REDNECKS, WOPS, RUSSKIES, HUNKIES—January 1997—Paul Gottfried on Polonophobia, Ralph Raico on Nazifying the Germans, Michael Hill on the tar and feathering of the South, and Wayne Allensworth on the Russian Demon. Plus Margie Burns on "Southern White Trash" as a genre of film.



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Igor Kopelnitsky

Playing God, or Being Men?

by Thomas Fleming

In the American TV nightmare, the police are the protagonists. Or the antagonists. It depends on the program and the point of view. We love the idea of the tough cop—Clint Eastwood, Dennis Farina, Dennis Franz—who breaks the rules and busts a few heads in a good cause. But change channels, and when the hero is a private eye or a civilian, the police are rogues, on the take, out of control, and worse than the criminals who do not carry a badge. They are Gary Sinese in *Ransom* or the thousand bad cops in shows like *The Equalizer*, *The A-Team*, and *The Rockford Files*.

The good cop/bad cop dichotomy is more than a dramatic device or interrogation technique, and the same police officer can switch roles, alternately finding lost children and beating the bejesus out of speeders who give him lip. The godfather of the modern policeman was Jonathan Wilde, the London thief-taker who turned out to be the city's criminal mastermind. Wilde unionized the cutpurses, footpads, and burglars until, when they turned against him, he ended up on the same gallows to which he had consigned his unruly confederates. Many (probably most) policemen resist the temptation to misuse their authority, but it must be hard on a man's humility to be given a badge and a gun, along with the mandate to protect the lives and property of innocent and largely defenseless strangers.

Traditionally, the left has always hated the police, not simply because they are called in to arrest agitators. For radicals, the police are the embodiment of the social order, and while the bad cop is easier to criticize, it is the good cop who is the real enemy, the gun-for-hire who, as Yeats put it, "defends the sum of things for pay." To the extent that a real left exists today, they continue to hate the police even though, for all practical purposes, the boys in blue are working for a socialist regime. But cops and radicals are like cats and dogs: even when they are on the same side, they do not like each other's smell.

Conservatives instinctively support the police, and many of them have been bewildered by the daily occurrence of outrages and brutality committed by the forces of public order. Waco and Ruby Ridge have become code words for a Middle American paranoia that sees the eyes of Lon Horiuchi behind the horn-rimmed glasses of every IRS agent and FBI clerk. Most conservatives, however, still regard the police as their allies and think more prisons and longer sentences are the only solution to the criminal insurrection that has America in its grip. In one sense, they are right: keeping criminals off the street does, in fact, lower the incidence of crimes in cities like New York, where Mayor Giuliani's "kick ass and take names" approach to law enforcement has made the city more nearly habitable.

Crackdowns, however, have a limited effectiveness. Crime, as liberals are fond of saying, is a symptom rather than a disease. Reversing St. Paul's dictum that the ruler's sword is a threat to the wicked, not to the good, we have created a criminal justice system that is kind to the criminal classes but a terror to any small-time embezzler or petty infractor who is made the sex-slave of the raping-murdering thugs whose TV and workout rooms are provided by the taxpayer.

A little personal story (which I have told before) illustrates the problem. I once worked in a hotel with a two-bit hoodlum who called himself Mike. One day the hood (who reached for his knife when he was asked to clear a table) confessed to me that his real name was Tom—Mike was his brother. "This way," he explained, "When I get caught, it goes on my brother's

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record." Mike—or Tom—was not too bright, so I explained that he still had to do his own time. Eyeing me with contempt, he said: "I don't mind doing time: you meet a lot of great guys on the inside."

In refusing to punish crime, we create, at the very least, incentives for criminal behavior. By not executing murderers, armed robbers, kidnappers, arsonists, rapists, and child-molesters, we are sending a clear message that society is only irritated, not outraged, by these crimes. Perhaps the ultimate expression of our indifference is the kindness we lavish on the evil degenerates who rape and murder children. These are not cases of rednecks who form liaisons with willing Lolitas, but of savage and ruthless men who destroy the lives of innocent kids. We say they are "sick," but it is a disease for which there is no cure short of exorcism. Many child-molesters, as soon as they are released from the comfort of the state hospital, begin looking for the next victim. In case after case, the paroled sex-offender goes on to rape and murder a child within months of his release. As a belated tribute to one such victim of liberal justice (a seven-year-old New Jersey girl), Congress passed "Megan's Law," authorizing the release of information to the neighbors and potential victims of paroled rapists/killers.

In California, for decades the social avant-garde of America, legislators failed to pass a law posting such information on the Internet. Taking the law into his own (and his fellow-citizens') hands, Ken LaCorte of Los Angeles County set up his own web page, posting information on about 100 of L.A.'s 300 high-risk sex offenders. Predictably, the rapists have their defenders who complain that Megan's Law (and LaCorte's publicity) have provoked violence: a van was firebombed in Corvina, fires have broken out in houses and apartments. Even in California, apparently, the old spirit of American know-how has not been entirely extinguished.

Last May in San Bernardino County, sheriff's deputies arrested repeat child-molester James Lee Crummel on evidence he had molested three teenagers nine years earlier. According to the *Los Angeles Times* (which does a superb job of covering cases of private justice), Crummel had been living in Newport Beach until neighborhood outcry resulted in a new round of charges. In his long career as a sexual predator, Crummel had done time for sex crimes in four states. In Arizona, he had also been convicted of murdering a nine-year-old boy, but a compassionate judge had ruled the trial invalid on the grounds of ineffective representation.

In 1995, Crummel moved into the Newport Crest condominiums with his 79-year-old psychiatrist. Under Megan's Law, his criminal record was plastered throughout the neighborhood. When local residents realized whom they had as a neighbor, they launched a picketing campaign to force him out. Crummel's neighbors responded jubilantly to his arrest. According to the *Times*, one self-styled "vigilante mom" said that Crummel had invited her 12-year-old son to come over to his apartment to watch biking videos.

Crummel's neighbors, however unkind, were normal human beings, unlike the psychiatrist who not only adopted him as his right-hand man but also took him along on his regular visits to Orange County youth homes that housed the victims of abuse and molestation. The psychopath was given unrestricted access to both the children and their files, and on at least two occasions, according to the California State Medical Board, he "entered the private rooms of boys and talked with them." Crummel was also present at a Christmas party held for some of the boys on the nice psychiatrist's yacht.

Despite a string of successes that includes the Crummel case, Megan's Law has come under fire. Some of the criticism is legitimate: men convicted of lewd conduct in the 1940's and 50's can now be branded as dangerous sex offenders, even though they have been respectably married for decades. Most of the proposed remedies, however, are drawn up to protect the "civil rights" of homosexuals at the expense of the future victims of molestation.

> In reacting to the collapse of civilized life, many of us will sink to the level of the predators themselves—like Raspail's civilized men who made the general anarchy an occasion for settling scores.

In New York City, the Bar Association says that "any legislation must balance the need for community protection against offenders . . . with a careful examination of possible harms," and they want to restrict access to complete information only to "officials or individuals who are in a position to use the information to protect themselves and others meaningfully." Translation: judges and public officials will decide if you have a right to know the full story of the child-rapist who has just moved next door to you. It is the AIDS story all over again. To protect the rights of homosexuals, the public does not have a right to know if their doctor or dentist is carrying a fatal disease or if the confirmed bachelor down the street has ruined the lives of a dozen children. Given the choice between trusting a responsible judge or trusting the irresponsible people, most of us will trust the people, no matter how reckless and uninformed, to be the guardians of their own interest.

Despite the FBI's cheerful news about declining crime rates, most of us know that crime has reached plague proportions in the United States. Even the law-abiding middle classes talk openly of cheating on their taxes and ridicule the suckers who return wallets stuffed with cash. Many children reared in such an atmosphere are almost inevitably contemptuous of law and order—except where it can be invoked to protect them from demanding parents or strict teachers. It is all that any normal person can do, upon seeing one of these underwear-exposing punks walking down the street or loitering in the mall, to keep from teaching him a few sharp lessons in deportment. This is the real purpose for carrying cane.

If civilization rests upon the hangman, as Joseph de Maistre said, then civilization is long gone. In his recent novel *Sept cavaliers*, Jean Raspail describes an "alternate" world with a history parallel (but often divergent) to our own. Young people be-

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come addicted to a fatal drug that destroys all inhibitions. Embracing anarchy and savagery, they are joined by representatives of every class. As the mobs sweep through the land, even civilized people seize the opportunity of taking revenge against their neighbors for slights and injuries suffered years before. Civilization is in ruins, the land depopulated, when seven horsemen set off on a journey to locate the heiress to the throne. Coming across a group of punks, the youngest of the seven (a teenage military cadet) kills every one of them, provoking the wrath of his senior officer. The young man, refusing to apologize, points out that he understands his own generation better than his seniors, who were reared in an honorable world.

By the end of Raspail's novel, we realize that it is (like his earlier *Camp of the Saints*) a daydream about everyday reality in the modern world. Civilization is in collapse, and a large number of the people we live with are feral beasts—animals that have been bred to a social life they have been denied, deficient in all the ritualized controls that check the violence of wolves and primitive men. The social order was destroyed by the same class of men and women—educationists, therapists, judges—who adamantly refuse to protect the public from the predators they have inflicted upon us.

In reacting to the collapse of civilized life, many of us will sink to the level of the predators themselves—like Raspail's civilized men who made the general anarchy an occasion for settling scores. So-called "road rage" incidents may be early indications of the Mad Max society our children will live in. The Internet offers a good cross section. You can find information on child-molesters, but you may also run into a revenge web page giving instructions on how to destroy a CD-ROM (smear Vaseline with ground glass on a CD), or ruin the life of a conservative (sign him up with NAMBLA). There is even a "Bitches Marquee" where unhappy men post lewd pictures of their ex-wives. In descending to the dregs, we add to the general slime that makes modern life disgusting. But all over the United States, responsible citizens are taking a more disciplined course of action. Confronted by child-molesters, drug dealers, and neighborhood tyrants, Americans are striking back. They are videotaping the dealers and organizing neighborhood patrols. They are posting information on the Internet: the Guardian Angels have taken off into cyberspace. Above all, they are taking direct action against the killers and rapists who prey upon the innocent.

In San Diego, not too long ago, a retired naval officer emptied two clips of ammunition into a punk who had been terrorizing the neighborhood and had threatened to kill the officer's family. In Northern California, a single mother went to the courtroom where the pervert who had molested her son was about to undergo another mock trial. Seeing his confident smirk, she made up her mind to carry out her plan of getting justice—not vengeance, mind you, but justice—and shot the youth counselor. She was taking the law back into her own hands, picking up the sword of justice which the state had cast aside. As Ellie Nessler said in her statement: "I played God . . . but I don't think I'll lose any sleep over it."

The Man in Camouflage

by Collie H. Owens

The Varsity is where he wheeled his chair to park
In downtown Atlanta across from Georgia Tech.

His camo pants were pinned where his legs should be;
A black guy, not exactly sad, I'd say,

But meditative, recollecting shadows,
Yet thanked for cash out-handed from car windows

And sometimes managed an ironical smile
That meant he knew a secret but wouldn't tell.

When I'd take him hot dogs, fries, and onion rings,
He'd quip about his wounds, "Ain't no thang."

He vanished, Flossie the carhop didn't know
Where, camouflaged so well that no one saw.

His disappearance was no doubt evasive,
Like VC, ghosts that came and went, elusive.

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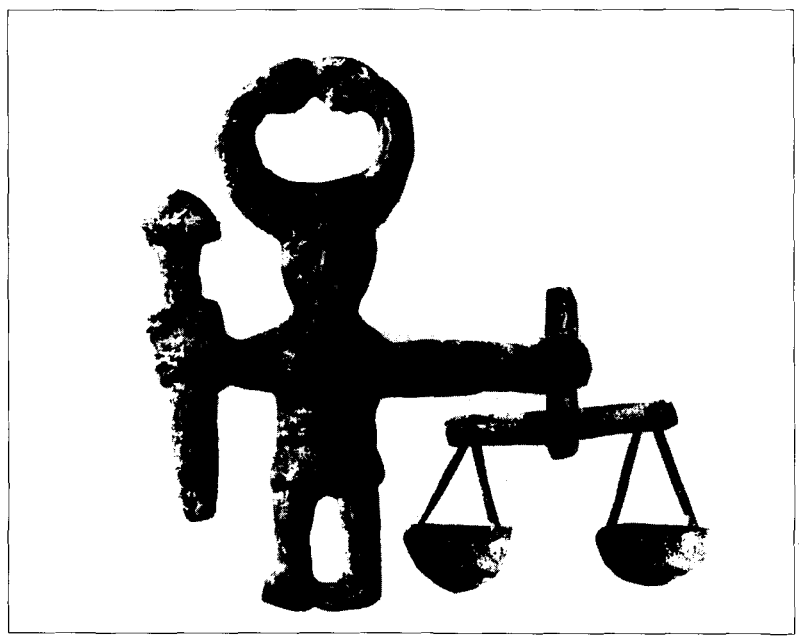
Celtic Justice

by Michael Hill

"For any displeasure, that they apprehend to be done unto them by their neighbours, they take up a plain field against him, and (without respect to God, King, or commonweal) bang it out bravely, he and all his kin, against him and all his."

—King James VI of Scotland, *Basilikon Doron*



Igor Kopelnitsky

In the summer of 1997, Ulster Unionist Kenneth Magennis called Sinn Fein leader Martin McGuiness the "Godfather of Godfathers" of the Irish Republican Army. He went on to castigate the IRA for refusing to disarm its members as a prelude to yet another Anglo-Irish "peace conference." The thoroughly anglicized Mr. Magennis apparently fails to grasp that the Celtic Irish (and Scots and Welsh) historically have preferred to trust arms over words when it comes to dealing with the British (or English) government, and such trust has not been misplaced.

Justice administered by private associations, whether a medieval Scottish clan or the Irish Republican Army, is a longstanding tradition in the Celtic world. The monopolization of the means of force by government has been seen as a prelude to the extinction of tradition and freedom; thus, any attempt by a central authority (such as England) to impose a system of justice from the top down usually brought on violent action from below. Like the Anglo-Saxons, as David Hume told us, the Celts realized that the true foundation of independence was that every man be armed.

Throughout history the Celtic people have not trusted public justice as dispensed by the Sassanach. The laws that evolved in the Celtic fringe of the British Isles (Ireland, Scotland, and Wales) are probably the oldest in Europe and were untouched by Roman influence, except in parts of Wales and lowland Scotland. They were the laws of a pastoral folk to whom the rush of urban life was completely unfamiliar. Under the surface of this simple way of life, however, lay a complicated system of jurisprudence rooted in kinship and local sovereignty.

At the heart of the Celtic system of private justice lies the feud or hereditary vendetta (*fich bunaid*). According to E. E. Evans-Pritchard, the feud was a legal sanction that provided a community the means of enforcing justice, and by such means it was able to minimize the violence that might follow the commission of a violent crime. The principles that lay behind the feud defined who had the right to exact vengeance on whom and by what means it might be inflicted. These established procedures for pacifying the aggrieved party were intended to ensure that peace, not war, would be the outcome. In the Celtic world, however, this was not always the case; often the injury

Michael Hill is the president of the League of the South and author of Fire and Sword: Sorley Boy MacDonnell and the Rise of Clan Ian Mor, 1538-90 *(Aegis Press).*

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done to the corporate body of the clan was so egregious that its members never ceased to "have war in their hearts."

Governments before the modern era did not see it as the business of the state to intervene in matters of justice that were local in nature. In fact, there was a widespread belief that the state's right to enforce its writ was restricted by private rights and ancient traditions. Even when governments did attempt to enforce justice within the localities, as James VI of Scotland did in the late 16th and early 17th centuries, it was to preserve social peace rather than to undermine local traditions by means of state aggrandizement. Throughout the ages, the local Celtic nobility jealously guarded its prerogatives against any attempt at state-building that would result in a system of publicly administered justice.

The administration of justice in Ireland historically was based on the *fine* (joint family), the island's pivotal social unit. The *fine*, for instance, was responsible for the misdeeds of its members and assumed the duty of blood-vengeance if any member was insulted, injured, or murdered. In order to keep bloodshed to a minimum, however, the *cenn-fine* (chief) would often agree to accept an *eraic*—a payment of blood money—from the offending *fine*. In Wales, the *cenedl* (or kindred, an organization similar to the Irish *fine*) operated along much the same lines. As with the Irish, the Welsh developed a system of blood-money compensation to prevent the *galanas* (blood feud) from resulting in a constant state of private warfare. Giraldus Cambrensis (Gerald of Wales) observed on his travels through Wales in the 12th century that the Welsh were ever ready "to avenge not only new and recent injuries but also ancient and bygone ones as though but recently received."

In all these Celtic countries, a clan's honor and the life of the offender were safeguarded by a fine of an amount fixed precisely according to the rank and worth of the aggrieved party. A man's status was expressed in material terms by his *enechlann* or "honor-price." The eraic was determined by this "honor-price" and a man could not sue or be sued for more than his *enechlann* and could not make a legal contract that exceeded that amount or swear an oath in a case in which damages were greater than his "honor-price."

Since the Celtic chiefs counted their power in terms of the number of warriors they could field, they sought to keep internecine strife to a minimum. The practice of paying blood money tended to mollify the violence of a warrior society, but there was one crime for which there was no remedy of legal vengeance or compensatory damages—*fingal*, the killing of one's own kin. This usually occurred when a competitor for the chiefship killed a rival kinsman, a situation that frequently led to all-out warfare within a *fine*. Such violations, however, were the exception rather than the rule. All in all, the Celtic world was an orderly and civilized place when compared to other areas of medieval Europe.

For an illustration of the often humane nature of internecine conflict among the Celts, we need look no further than the epic Red Branch cycle tale, the *Tain Bo Cualinge*, in which Cuchulain, the youthful champion of Ulster, makes a magnificent Homeric stand on a ford, allowing his compatriots to escape from the invading host. One after another, the great warriors of the enemy army go out against Cuchulain. The action culminates with a three-day bout of single combat with his old comrade Ferdiadh (similar to that between Hector and Achilles), in which the two contestants meet nightly at the ford to exchange soothing balms. When Cuchulain finally triumphs, he lays Ferdiadh's body gently on the northern side of the river so that his vanquished foe will be the victor in death. By such tales were the heroic qualities of courage, loyalty, and honor passed from one generation to the next.

By the 11th century, the aristocratic Red Branch warlords of the legendary "heroic age" were gone, replaced by the popular folk heroes of the Fenian cycle. Ireland and much of Highland and Hebridean Scotland were ruled, according to the *Annals of Clonmacnois*, "more like a free state than a kingdom." Indeed, the Irish Gaelic term for "free state"—*saor-thuath*—literally means a non-tributary community, thus implying local autonomy. The idea of the chief maintaining intimate contact with his people as he ruled them presents a picture of a small, independent pastoral community. Indeed, for several centuries the basic political and social organization had been the *tuath* (petty kingdom) in Ireland, the *clainn* in Scotland, and the *cantrefi* (hundreds) in Wales, all units of rather small size.

While the medieval chief's primary duty was still that of a warrior, he was different from the great heroes of the Red Branch cycle. The Cuchulains of the Celtic realm were supreme individuals, living and fighting recklessly for the sake of personal honor and glory. The great warrior's motto was: "I care not if I live but a day, so only that my deeds live after me." In contrast, the later Celtic chief, who was the model for the Fenian cycle, was *primus inter pares* within a "band of brothers." To him, virtue was not only strength of hand, but cleanness of heart and truthfulness of speech as well. He was to be the father of his people and a comrade-in-arms to his fighting men. He willingly shared the joys, sorrows, and hardships of military life with his subordinates, and by his actions he was expected to exemplify all that was right and just.

To understand how the Celtic idea of private justice has evolved up to the current century, it is instructive to look at the mythical origins of the Fiana Erieann during the early Middle Ages. The romantic exploits of these roving bands of warriors are captured best in the Psalter of Cashel (c. A.D. 900), in which the blood feud (*fich bunaid*) came to epitomize the idea of private justice within well-established communities. This particular Fenian saga pits the clan of Fionn against that of Morna in the days before there was an acknowledged *Ard-ri* (high king) in Ireland. Whereas the Red Branch cycle incorporated a single age and was written for an aristocratic caste of warrior-kings, the Fenian cycle portrays an organic, agricultural community and attempts to instill in its audience a sense of local patriotism. Such patriotism would serve the Celtic peoples well in the coming struggle with both the Normans and the English.

By the 17th century, the Fenian cycle had reached its maturity, and Celtic Ireland and Scotland, struggling to expel the English invader who employed the Caesarean strategy of "divide and conquer," drew from it an inspired fighting spirit that mirrored that of Fionn, Oisin, and other intrepid Fenian heroes: generous and brave, yet subtle and treacherous. Unfortunately, the Celtic clans (both Irish and Scottish) from 1500 to 1750 often found themselves facing off against one another (instead of being united against the Sassanach invader). While at war simultaneously with the English and their own fellow Celts, the clans employed among themselves standards of private justice usually absent from the interclan conflicts that occurred in "times of peace" (i.e., the absence of an outside invader).

The practice of house-burning is perhaps the best example of

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how a Celtic clan's perception of justice vis-à-vis another clan changed in time of war. In peacetime, the commonly held principles of the blood feud prevented the burning of a rival clan's houses, especially with the inhabitants still inside. However, in time of open warfare, house-burning was a frequent means of settling scores. Alasdair MacColla, the champion of the Clan Donald during the Royalist-Covenanter war in Scotland in the 1640's, was known by the rival Clan Campbell as *fear thollaidh nan tighean*—the destroyer of houses. His Royalist campaigns against the hated Campbells of Argyll in 1644-45 exhibited a fierceness unknown under the restrictions of the common blood feud. To use the words of Confederate General Nathan Bedford Forrest, it was "war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt." MacColla's men boasted that they had done their work so well that no chimney stood within a 20-mile radius of the Campbell capital of Inveraray.

The historic localism of Celtic Ireland, Scotland, and Wales impeded the development of the sort of public justice that characterizes the modern state. Despite occasional impulses toward political nationalism—Brian Boru (Ireland), Wallace and Bruce (Scotland), and Owen Glendower (Wales)—the Celts were unable (and ultimately, unwilling) to surrender local prerogatives to the cause of nation-building. Rather, they proceeded along lines similar to federalism. Eventually, however, the unified English state, starting under the Tudors, brought all three Celtic "nations" into a forced union, and by the present century Scotland and Wales had long lost their independence. Only Ireland posed a problem to British consolidation. Resistance was led first by the Irish Republican Brotherhood and then by the Irish Republican Army (IRA), the latter forged by the indefatigable Michael Collins. Both organizations understood the cardinal rule of public justice, British style: the conqueror kills and then outlaws any attempts at revenge.

The IRA's campaign to rid Ireland of British rule had its immediate antecedent in the failed Easter Rising of 1916, in which the modern martyrs to the cause of Irish freedom were created. By 1919-20, Collins (spared execution in 1916 because of his relative obscurity) had forged the IRA into a formidable weapon with which he waged a relentless guerrilla war against overwhelming odds. His first order of business was to put together an intelligence network in Dublin to gather information on British police agents who were terrorizing Irish Republicans. Once Collins learned of their habits and movements, he had his "Squad" carry out reprisals. The assassination campaign of 1919 deprived British intelligence of its eyes and ears, thus leading the London government to initiate a full-scale military campaign all over the island in 1920.

The 1920-21 "Black and Tan" war saw the IRA match the British military tit for tat at terrorism. Collins had organized the IRA into Flying Columns, whose goals were to stage ambushes and raids, eliminate spies, harass loyalists, and cause general mayhem in the areas largely under British control. Without doubt, the most successful of the IRA Flying Columns was that of West Cork, under command of the legendary Tom Barry. Barry, ever short of guns and ammunition and never having more than 310 riflemen, fought some 12,500 British troops to a standstill by the time a cease-fire was agreed to in mid-1921. His success hinged largely on his ability to administer private justice within his jurisdiction. When the British adopted a policy in early 1921 of burning the houses of suspected IRA sympathizers, Barry repaid them double for their efforts. When the Black and Tans and the hated Auxiliaries began executing captives suspected of supporting the IRA, Barry resorted to kidnapping and killing British officials, both military and civilian. His determination to match and exceed the Brits at their own game soon put a stop to depredations against the Irish civilian population and forced London to consider peace negotiations. In his memoirs, *Guerrilla Days in Ireland*, Barry wrote:

> This policy had prevented British authority from functioning in Ireland, laid its administration in ruins, driven out or under cover the British minions, necessitated a large and costly army of occupation, humiliated British military power, caused the name of Britain to stink in the nostrils of all decent peoples, and inflicted sufficient casualties on their soldiers.

The IRA was forced to exert private justice against the British occupation forces for two simple reasons: first, London did not recognize the legitimacy of the Irish Republican government under Eamon de Valera; and second, de Valera's "government" did not sanction the guerrilla campaigns carried out by Collins, Barry, and their cohorts. Even if the British had recognized the de Valera government, it is unlikely that the IRA would have submitted to their president's desire to fight a conventional war, devoid of assassinations, kidnappings, arson, and the terror campaign against citizens loyal to the British. To the Irish, the idea and practice of private justice was simply too ingrained in their historical and literary traditions to be abandoned for the niceties of formal military conflict. Unfortunately, habits formed in the Black and Tan war and reinforced by centuries of tradition continued in the subsequent Irish civil war between the Free State army under Michael Collins and the Republican forces loyal to de Valera. The brutality of both sides marked a clear break with the Irish practice of generosity toward an enemy of one's own blood, as illustrated by the Fenian duel between Fionn and Ferdiadh, and it took the ultimate tragedy—the cold-blooded murder of Collins in 1922—to end this fit of madness.

Today's IRA prefers to play by the same rules. It is ruthless to both its avowed enemies and to those fellow Irishmen who are seen as impediments to its ultimate objectives. For their part, the British have made it clear since the "Troubles" flared up again in 1969 that they have no intention of abandoning the Protestant majority in Ulster to the vagaries of Irish Republican politics. Thus, any attempts at peace are likely to be frustrated by the IRA's reluctance to abandon the only policy that has brought it any success in the past: armed resistance. As one who has traveled in Ulster, I can attest that the resultant carnage is not a pretty sight. Though I am encouraged by the recent peaceful movements toward greater independence in Scotland and Wales through separate parliaments, I doubt that such a solution could be applied to Ulster. The current standoff seems inexplicable to most Americans, who are used to solving their political differences with the ballot and not the bullet. Indeed, the Ulster troubles are a throwback to an earlier day, though not that far distant, when men relied on what Donald Davidson called "their own strong arm." But Ulster could be a harbinger of things to come. As Western civilization crumbles around us, one can only wonder when that day will come again and how modern Americans will handle the messy business of administering their own justice.

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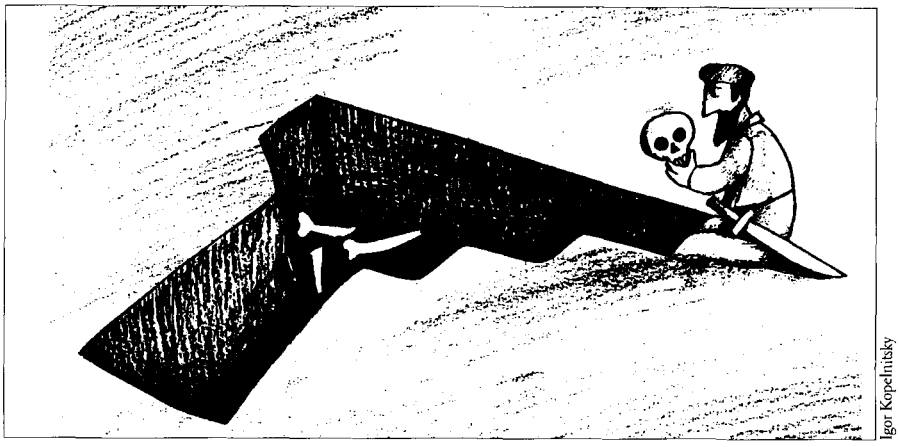
Ruritanian Revenge and Reality

by Barry Baldwin

Land of Albania! Let me bend mine eyes
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!
—Byron, *Childe Harolde's Pilgrimage*



Igor Kopelnitsky

ALBANIAN ANARCHY! BALKAN BLOODBATH! Typical banners to newspaper stories of the riots and virtual civil war that gripped "Europe's most bizarre country" during 1997, culminating in the forced resignation of Sali Berisha, the first noncommunist president, and the return of seven-foot, gun-toting King Leka I Zogu who threatens to take by bullets the monarchy denied to him by votes. No need for bewilderment. This, after all, is the country in which the villagers of Vilan recently met in solemn conclave to decide if the unusual pregnancy of a mule meant that the devil was in its stomach signaling the Apocalypse.

The *gjakmarrja* ("taking of blood") is a centuries-old institution that explains most of the country's history, recent and remote. In his *Eskili, Ky Humbes I Madh* (*Aeschylus, The Great Loser*—yet to be translated into English), Albania's best-known author, Ismail Kadare, explains the *Oresteia*'s cycle of family murder and revenge in terms of his own nation's blood feuds. True, he ignores some differences of principle and detail. In Greece, a death could be avenged by the clan rather than a relative. Compensation might be in goods or labor, or the killer(s) merely cursed and exiled. Albanian rules exclude women, hence no counterparts to Clytemnestra and Electra.

Geography is here a factor. The blood feuds of Albania center on the Northern Highlands—the *Rrafsh* or plateau—rather than the regions contiguous with Greece, which is one reason for continuing North-South mutual incomprehension and conflict. Still, ancient Epirus (Albania) was identified with bloody vendettas. According to Plutarch's *Life of Pyrrhus* (of "pyrrhic victory" fame), "the chieftains and clans of Epirus were perpetually at war because plots and jealousies are natural to them." His countrymen nicknamed Pyrrhus "The Eagle"; Albanians call their country *Shqipëria*—Land of the Eagles. Certainly, by juxtaposing Albanian blood-feud regulations with Aeschylean verses, Kadare makes a cogent correlation.

This is an ancient tragicomedy. Albanians did not have a country until modern times, being successively ruled by Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, and Turks. For centuries, justice meant the fight for freedom from occupation—the home of the brave is the land of the free. The national hero Skanderbeg campaigned for Christian Byzantium against the Turks. In different circumstances, he would have been on the other side—he had converted to Islam before returning to Christianity. Dreams of independence were bound up with language and religion. It is no coincidence that the oldest Albanian texts were written by priests and nationalists to aid Roman Catholic clergy and to pursue the right to be educated in their own tongue, an issue that boiled over in late Ottoman times and remains the dominant one for Albanian minorities in Kosovo and Macedonia. The new country was made fissiparous by its geography, history, language, and religions. Like many another nation, it has a North-South divide based on a river (the Shkumbi), different dialects of the same language (Gheg in the North, Tosk in the South—communist harmonization was less than 100 percent effective), and religion—the North is predominantly Christian, the South Islamic. Hence Northern support for Berisha and violent opposition from the South where communism was also strongest—Enver Hoxha himself was a Tosk. Like Skanderbeg and Zog, Hoxha was basically a bandit chief who forcibly united the land (first liquidating the rival noncommunist and pro-monarchy resistance groups from World War II) and played on national pride in independence and the fear of losing it to either America or Russia. Which explains the endless purges of "traitors" and "polyagents," most famously the mysterious death (murder? suicide?) of Mehmet Shehu in 1981 (Albania is the only country in which *every* security min-

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ister was eventually denounced and destroyed as a traitor, and in which vinestakes had sharpened points to impale the enemy parachutists supposedly always about to invade!)

One definition of justice in the communist-produced Albanian Dictionary reads, "The sword of the People, by which a traitor is sliced." Berisha was soon well down this same path, dumping the cofounder of his original Democratic Party, jailing (despite international protests) former Prime Minister Fatos Nano on trumped-up corruption charges, and blatantly rigging the 1996 elections. The extent to which Berisha was involved in the old regime remains obscure—he has naturally rewritten his own history—but he was more continuation than change. Although far from a complete diagnosis, Tirana-based Baptist missionary Glyn Jones' statement in 1997 gives universal food for thought: "The world's strongest atheistic government destroyed all personal morality and left a whole nation with hardly any sense of right and wrong. There is a lesson here for any democracy which allows erosion of the moral basis on which its society rests."

Albanian vendettas are strictly governed by the Great Code (*Kanun*) devised by the 15th-century prince, Lek Dukagjini. Pope Paul II excommunicated him in 1464 for the code's "most un-Christian" content. Consisting of 1,263 separate provisions, it was definitively edited and published by the scholar-priest Shtjefën Gjeçovi (1873-1929). Margaret Hasluck's *The Unwritten Law of Albania* (1954) provides historical background. Kadare's novel *Broken April* (available in English), set in the 1930's, has for its theme the *Kanun* and a long-running feud between two village families.

The *Kanun* covers not only killings but all bodily assaults, disputes over inheritances and land, and theft: "The *Kanun* was stronger than it seemed. Its power reached everywhere—lands, fields, houses, tombs, roads, markets, weddings—to the very skies whence it fell as rain to fill the water-courses, the cause of a good third of all murders" (Kadare). When Albanians demanded that Berisha's government compensate them for monies lost in the notorious pyramid schemes, they were reacting in the spirit of the *Kanun*: recompense is a legal and moral claim. The *Kanun* punctiliously extends even to the damaging of doors, e.g., if a door is holed by a bullet, the transgressor surrenders his own for the damaged one, which he must forever keep as a reminder. (Hence, in the recent mass vandalisms, the seemingly bizarre removal of doors from other people's houses.)

Not that all such acts were licit retribution. As Julian Amery, who through his World War II service knew Albanians as well as any foreigner can, writes in his memoir *Sons of the Eagle* (1948), "They variously proclaimed themselves Fascists, Communists, or Democrats, in obedience to the calculations of interest rather than the dictates of conviction." Similarly Plutarch on Pyrrhus and company: "They treat the words war and peace as current coins, using whichever is to their advantage, regardless of justice." We in North America have become all too accustomed to looting being justified in pseudosociological terms.

The rules of the blood feud are quite elaborate. Suppose X has killed Y in revenge for the shooting of his brother. This may be a new vendetta, or the continuation of a decades-old—even centuries-old—one. X is now technically a "justicer." Killings are individual. The *Kanun* forbids massacres, a factor in the Berisha regime's failure to execute the top communist officials en masse—nor were any lynched. The ultimate tragedy is the victim who has no family member left to avenge him. There is a special word (one of many to do with blood) for him in Albanian—*gjakhupës*. X may not have wished to kill Y, but may have been coerced by his father and the sight of his dead brother's bloodstained shirt fluttering—as prescribed—in the open air, especially if the stains have yellowed, a sign of the unquiet spirit demanding vengeance—very Aeschylean. In the actual killing, X must confront Y with the words "please give my greetings to . . . " (naming his dead brother), then leave the body face-up, rifle by its head. To omit this ritual is a great disgrace. If overcome by the emotion colloquially known as bloodsickness, X may ask a passerby to perform it for him.

In Lek's day, stones were used as weapons or carried in races to settle land disputes. When firearms came in, old Albanian pistol butts were commonly inscribed, "When you shoot, it is God who aims." A ubiquitous communist poster slogan proclaimed, "With pickax in one hand and rifle in the other we are building Socialism." A local proverb transcends the centuries: "The Albanian response to all challenge—a bullet between the eyes." Hence their much-photographed addiction to the public brandishing and discharging of guns.

Not all "justicers" are crack shots. The *Kanun* acknowledges this. If the would-be killer only wounds his target, he may either pay a fine assessed by the village mediator and maintain his vendetta, or not pay and give it up, since the wounded prey is then declared out of bounds. Compensation for wounds is variously assessed: head injuries count twice as much as others; all are categorized by bodily location. Kadare describes a much-wounded fugitive who supported his family on monies received, summing up in Marxist terms: "Behind the semi-mythical décor, look for the economic component. As with everything else, blood has been transformed into money." A genuine flourish: the vampire was one of Marx's favorite images for capitalism (he used it three times in *Das Kapital*). The most telling economic aspect was the blood tax, payable by a killer to the regional collector, who recorded such transactions in his Blood Book. This tax played a major role in the local economy. Ledgers speak of good years (many killings) and bad ones (few).

The family of X, the "justicer," immediately prepares defenses. Male relatives, if prudent, will lie low or leave the community until the truce is obtained. The women are dispersed to other village houses; laws of hospitality compel their acceptance. Women, like the priests of Albania's three religions (Catholic, Orthodox, Muslim), are exempt from the vendetta. This helps to explain why Hoxha's widow, Nexhmije, although the first communist luminary to be tried, had her prison sentence quickly commuted, instead of facing a firing-squad as did Elena Ceausescu in Rumania. The *Kanun*'s provision for execution of unmarried pregnant girls by their male relatives illuminates the fact that in all of Hoxha's purges the only female victim of consequence was one Liri Gega, officially a "Titoist agent," who was pregnant at the time and so deemed a betrayer of the communist family honor as well as her country.

X is now the target of Y's family, although they may replace him by a brother, an option rarely exercised. A black ribbon, worn on the sleeve, advertises his status as prey. His family will ask Y's for a 24-hour *Besa* or truce. This is usually granted. Violation of it, or of any part of the *Kanun*, is punished. The transgressor's own family, in concert with the village (led by the *Flamurtar* or standard bearer)—will burn his house and kill his

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animals. After Hoxha's death in 1985, a mobile cadre devoted to maintaining his "teachings" (many bulky volumes, in effect the communist *Kanun*) was called "Standard Bearers of Enver."

X must attend Y's funeral and wake, at which he will be neither insulted nor harmed by the male relatives, one of whom is now his own designated killer. A 30-day *Besa* is now sought and (as usual) granted, although it may be revoked if X is foolish enough to brag of killing Y. X's family may attempt to save his life by a money payment, determined by an elder called the Blood Master, which is formalized at a meal during which spots of blood are ritually exchanged. This very rarely happens, largely because all males in the victim's family must concur—one "no" stops it.

> Whatever one thinks of private justice, after 50 years of communism the vendetta is alive and well.

Cognate provisions take care of all nonblood disputes, notably land, including absolute bans on moving boundary-markers and any human bones. Ancient historians will think of Solon and Orestes. One swift consequence of communism's fall was the ripping-up of Hoxha's tomb and throwing-out of his remains, since he is now beyond the pale of the *Kanun*—in the new demonology, he is referred to as "The Great Zeus" and as "Vampire" (*gjakpirës*).

X has two options—he may not (of course) kill his own stalker. He can attempt to flee the community—sections of the local roads are under *Besa* and so inviolate—and thus escape death. (Escape, however, is often a vain hope. Recently in the lobby of Tirana's best hotel, a man was decapitated with an ax as the culmination of a vendetta—his killer had spent 40 years tracking him down.) Or he may take sanctuary in a *Külla* or "tower of refuge" where he may not be killed—only a priest can enter. Female relatives are allowed to bring him food and drink. His sojourn there could be indefinite, and he will not be alone. Kadare has one village where 180 of 200 households are in blood feuds, with almost all the menfolk immured, while Amery reports cases of fugitives holed up for 20 years and more. This aspect of the *Kanun* is halfway between ancient notions of sanctuary and the modern inviolability (except in Iran) of embassies; this latter code was honored by communist authorities when thousands stormed Tirana embassies in the early 1990's in quest of legal emigration or illegal flight.

Western writers chorus that one of the Red regime's (very few) good deeds was its banning of the blood feuds. Its attitude was, in fact, disingenuous to the point of self-contradiction. Thus, the entry on *gjakmarrja* in the 1985 Party-approved *Fjalori Shqiptar* (National Encyclopedia) denounces the practice as incompatible with Marxist-Leninism, yet in the previous year Enver Hoxha's "Speech on the 40th Anniversary of National Liberation" was full of hacking swords, rifles, blood, and the slogan "The Vengeance of the People is Merciless"—his vocabulary that of Kadare and the *Kanun*. The encyclopedia's entry on the *Kanun*, in fact, both has and eats its ideological cake. Lek Dukagjini is pointedly associated with the national hero Skanderbeg, and an unspecified portion of the *Kanun* is said to typify "the social psychology of the mountaineers and the virtues of our nation: fidelity, manliness, hospitality, courage." Sections that defend private property, class privilege, and the "obscurantist Church" are denounced as feudal and reactionary. The portions dealing with punishments are noted without blame and this noncommittal conclusion: "All through the Kanun can be seen the distinctive originality of Albania." Kadare dutifully follows the line: "The Kanun is one of the world's most monumental constitutions, and we Albanians ought to be proud of begetting it."

Apart from pretend moral considerations, one respectable reason for suppression was the capitalist aspect of the *Kanun*. But this was merely an attempted hastening of a decline in killings and revenues in the 1930's, a phenomenon noted by writers as diverse as Kadare and Amery. The crises of the times, incipient Western influence, and the precommunist efforts of the much-reviled King Zog to curb the feuds provide coalescent explanations. With war and the invasion of Albania, Zog tried to impose a general *Besa* in the national interest because families divided by feuds would not join together against the common enemy and therefore weakened guerrilla resistance. Naturally, there is not one word of this in the communist version.

The more cogent, though unadmitted, impulse was a totalitarian need to take freedom and weapons away from the people; Hoxha wished simply to make killing and revenge a state monopoly. In Kadare's words, "the *Rrafsh* has rejected the laws, the police, the courts, replacing them with other moral rules just as adequate, constraining the administrations of occupying foreign powers and later that of the Albanian state, putting the High Plateau quite beyond its control." Amery found much to approve of in the *Kanun*: "This ancient code of conduct has undoubtedly exercised a restraining influence on the clansmen and helped to soften the grim realities of anarchy . . . the blood feud has its merits, for it was a great teacher of manners and respect for the dignity of the individual. No Albanian could strike another with impunity, and even schoolmasters had been known to pay with their lives for a hasty cuff in class."

Whatever one thinks of private justice, after 50 years of communism the vendetta is alive and well—it is no historical curiosity. Despite the efforts of priest-mediators and the government's Blood Feuds Reconciliation Committee, the current estimate (cited in a recent London *Sunday Telegraph* story) is that 11,000 males, some as young as 12, are hiding in their homes or in towers because of blood-feud involvements. In the words of relatives of a man from the Northern village of Prosek shot by a neighbor who is now jailed: "we cannot accept this humiliation. The government put him in prison, not us. We want blood for blood, we want revenge according to our traditions."

So the cycles have come full circle and back again. Byron's verses apply equally to the Albania of Pyrrhus, Lek Dukagjini, Skanderbeg, Zog, Hoxha, Berisha, and the new president Rexhap Mejdani:

> Albania's chief, whose dread command
> Is lawless law, for with a bloody hand . . .
> The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,
> With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun.

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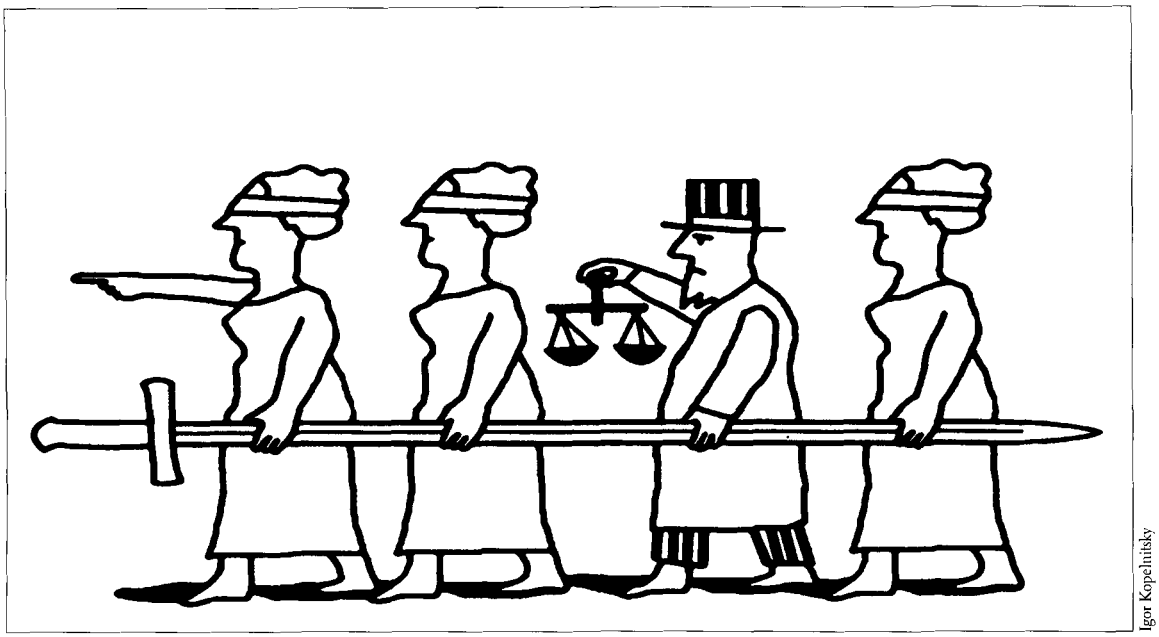
Arms, Violence, and the State

A Historical Perspective

by Jeremy Black



Igor Kopelnitsky

Governments today seek to monopolize violence and to control the ability of people to defend themselves, their families, and their communities. In doing so, governments present themselves not only as representatives and protectors of their people, but also as the necessary end of the historical process. These views can be contested, not only by appealing to empirical and philosophical aspects of the modern situation, but also by looking at the march of time. Both involve challenging the arrogant claims of the state to power and legitimacy.

History reveals the degree to which states increasingly became *the* expression of organized violence. This owed much to the ambition of governments to monopolize the use of such violence, at the expense of a range of groups, from private individuals to stateless pirates and mercenaries. Indeed, the monopolization of violence became a definition of statehood, as a functional understanding of rulership replaced the traditional legitimist understanding in the 19th and 20th centuries. Governments today prefer to rely on other definitions, especially those summed up in the term "democracy," but part of the brutal truth is that states and governments are defined by power, the quest for power, and the denial of power to others.

Yet this monopolization of violence is relatively recent, and in no way an inevitable aspect of state organization. In the 19th century, military entrepreneurship—mercenary activity—became less frequent in Europe, and this influenced relations between states, and between states and nonstate bodies. Recruiting via intermediaries was replaced by direct recruiting, especially systems of conscription. The Crimean War (1853-56) was the last war in which the British government recruited units of European foreign mercenaries for war service.

Authorized nonstate violence was also eliminated in a piecemeal fashion, mostly in the 19th century. This hit privateers, such as the government-supported and supporting Barbary corsairs of North Africa, and mercantile companies with territorial power and their own armed forces, such as the British East India Company. The elimination of such practices owed something to their ability to provoke interstate conflicts by being outside full state control. Their elimination also reflected a sense that such practices were anachronistic as well as antagonistic to governments that sought power, emphasized reform, and placed a premium on rationality, conceived of in terms of a clearly defined organization with explicit rules of conduct and state-directed systems. The territorial and military roles of the companies came to an end, that of the British East India Company after the Indian Mutiny. At a more mundane level, in 1882 the Italian government took over the coaling base established by the Rubattino Steamship Company at Assab near the mouth of the Red Sea. It seemed inappropriate for private companies to control territory, although there was scant sign that entities such as the Hudson Bay Company were abusive.

There were exceptions, but they became more uncommon. One latter-day adventurer, James Brooke (1803-68), helped suppress a rebellion in Sarawak in northern Borneo, and was rewarded by the Prince of Brunei with its governorship (1841). That became the basis of a territorial position that led to him, and to the nephew and grandnephew who succeeded him, be-

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ing termed the "white rajahs" of Sarawak. Under the nephew, Sir Charles Anthony Johnson, the territory expanded, and in 1888 Sarawak was converted into a British protectorate. The last rajah did not cede Sarawak to the British crown until 1946; his position had been destabilized by the effects of Japanese occupation during World War II.

> This sense of helplessness, itself fueled by the government's monopolization of the means of force, is then used by the central state to justify suppressing still more personal liberties and the right to self-defense.

Despite the success of the Brookes, opportunities for such activity became less common. They had flourished beyond the frontiers of empire, a world brilliantly captured in George MacDonald Fraser's recent Flashman novels. Thus, in India, the willingness of the locals to turn to European weaponry and military methods had provided careers for a number of European soldiers. The most spectacular was George Thomas, an Irishman who deserted the British navy in 1781 and rose, through military command in Indian armies, to independent control of a substantial region between Delhi and the Punjab by 1799.

Such opportunities disappeared as the regularity of 19th-century government swept across much of the world. In addition to authorized nonstate violence, *un*authorized nonstate violence, particularly piracy and privately organized expeditions designed to seize territory, was also in large part stamped out in the 19th century. This both demonstrated and enhanced the ability of states to monopolize power, and the European powers, especially Britain, devoted much effort to suppressing piracy, especially off China, in the East Indies, off British Columbia, in the Pacific, and in the Persian Gulf.

The banning of the slave trade and the subsequent measures taken to extend and enforce the bans were also important examples of moves designed to end authorized, and then unauthorized, nonstate violence. The British navy was especially active in employing violence against the slave trade, particularly from Africa to the Middle East. The European powers sought to monopolize military force, both within their European territories and in their colonies, on land and at sea. An important example of a state establishing a monopoly of violence was the effort to bring the Cossacks of both Ukraine and South and Southeast European Russia under state control, which ultimately left them vulnerable to the Stalinist tyranny. The redshirted volunteer force with which Giuseppi Garibaldi conquered Sicily and Naples in 1860 was absorbed into the Italian army, and in 1862, when he subsequently formed a private army to capture Rome, then an independent papal state, it was defeated by the Italian army.

Monopolization of violence was linked to state control of societies, which was a gradual but insistent process. European states first sought to prevent the use by partisan groups of organized violence for the pursuit of domestic political objectives. They also took steps against feuds. At the personal level, the activity of the state was initially less insistent, but measures were nevertheless taken to abolish—or at least to limit—dueling, and to restrict the ownership of firearms.

Moves to restrict the ownership of arms were pursued in the 19th century, at the very time when there was an increasing emphasis on conscription and the availability of military reserves. Governments were determined to control both the practice of mass recruitment and its consequences. Force was used as never before, but it was force by and for governments.

Governments were particularly determined to monopolize arms that had a battlefield capability. This was true both of artillery, from its initial development, and of flintlock muskets in the 18th century. Furthermore, by the 16th century, most sophisticated fortifications were under central government control, and, by the 18th, they all were. Even though personal weapons were of scant value against the increasingly powerful armies of the state, European states sought to control their ownership.

Gun control fused the regulatory ambitions of government and the antidemocratic nature of *ancien régime* Europe. Thus, only those trusted by government were allowed to possess firearms. Thanks to hunting, this had direct economic consequences. For example, in Normandy, in order to protect the monopoly of hunting by the nobility, the peasantry was prohibited from possessing arms. Under a regulation of 1766, a simple denunciation by a noble could lead to a peasant's house being searched and the culprit jailed for three months without recourse to the ordinary courts. In Poland the right to wear a sword in public was restricted to the nobility. Hierarchy and the control of the countryside was reflected in the limitations of rights to hunting by the English Game Acts of 1485 and 1604. Freeholders lost ancient rights to hunt on their own land, thanks to the greater property qualifications introduced by the second act. Thus, the American claim to the right to bear arms was as much a declaration of social emancipation as of political freedom.

Force in the 19th century was increasingly concentrated at the disposal of authority, especially the authority of the state. Thus, in the 1860's, a large army and the use of terror subdued peasant opposition to the government in southern Italy. Professional police forces increased state power. In Britain, a professional police force replaced the yeomanry and the sometimes incompetent constables. Peel's Metropolitan Police Act (1829) created a uniformed and paid force for London. This trend was extended by acts in 1835 and 1839, and the County and Borough Police Act (1856) made the formation of paid forces obligatory. The new police largely replaced individuals as prosecutors in cases of criminal justice in England and Ireland. In most of Europe, policing was brought under the control of central governments.

This process of increased state control over violence was seen even in the United States, where traditions of individualism

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were strong and the ownership of personal weapons widespread. Nevertheless, ever since the North's victory in the Civil War, the central government has increasingly viewed political opponents and nonconformists as lawless rogues who needed to be controlled, if not suppressed. This development was especially evident in the severe suppression of personal liberties during World War I, in the "Red Scare" and Palmer Raids of 1919-20, as well as in regional conflicts such as California's "Little Civil War" over water rights in 1924, when ranchers in the Owens Valley blew up the aqueduct to Los Angeles and seized the aqueduct's principal diversion works. Three years later, when the bombing of the aqueduct was resumed, the city of Los Angeles sent trainloads of guards armed with submachine guns, and this show of force proved effective.

While the *ancien régime* had distinguished between social groups in deciding who could bear arms, the totalizing democracies of the modern world have proved reluctant to vary their power to control. In Britain, as a result of the Firearms Control Act of 1920 (and its revision, the Firearms Act of 1968), it is necessary to show "good reason" to own a gun—and defense against crime is not just cause. In 1997, the use of handguns was banned as a consequence of the killing of children by a deranged gunman in Dunblane, Scotland: by that logic, the motorcar should have long been banned. The Dunblane killings were in fact the product of the failure of the regulatory system, not of the private ownership of guns. Killings by licensed gunowners were rare, and the change in the law only made unlicensed ownership more likely, thus leading in all likelihood to calls for more and more police surveillance. Thus, unlike in the United States, the British people are more dependent on the police in order to protect themselves, and this, of course, the police are unable to do. Criminals know this, and they know that their victims will be unarmed.

Crime and insecurity are both aspects of the crisis of Western society at the close of the millennium. This sense of helplessness, itself fueled by the government's monopolization of the means of force, is then used by the central state to justify suppressing still more personal liberties and the right to self-defense. The state presents this process as natural and logical, as the only solution to the problems that plague us. But it is nothing of the sort. It is simply government doing what government does best: monopolizing power.

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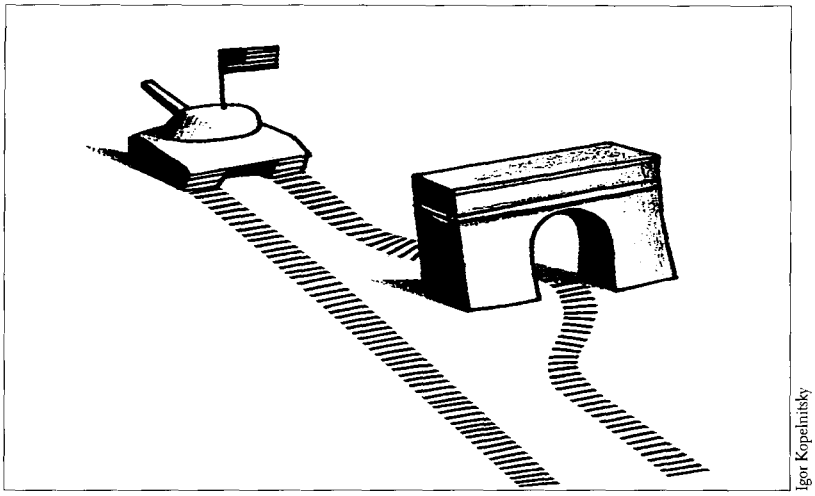
The Myth of American Isolationism

by Paul Gottfried

"Internationalism is a luxury which only the upper classes can afford; the common people are hopelessly bound to their native shores."

—Benito Mussolini



Igor Kopelnitsky

Promised Land, Crusader State: The American Encounter With the World Since 1776
by Walter A. McDougall
Boston: Houghton Mifflin;
304 pp., $25.00

◆

Walter A. McDougall, a professor of international relations at the University of Pennsylvania, presents useful truths about the history of American foreign policy. The United States, he correctly argues, was never really "isolationist" in its relations with the rest of the world; long before it plunged into the protracted wars of the current century, the American government pursued perceived national interests abroad. In accordance with its own "unilateralist" inclinations the federal government, without much popular opposition, pushed an American empire across North America and into Latin America, opened China to American trade and influence, and subdued the Philippines as a base for American power in the Far East. If the United States did not continue to expand its overseas empire on the European or Japanese model after the Spanish-American War, McDougall observes, it was not because of a lack of military energy or the prevalence of isolationism at home. Rather Americans, including their leaders, saw no practical need to indulge in a civilizational mission. Such a course would have brought little material benefit while causing many headaches, as exemplified by the counterinsurgency waged against Filipino rebels at the turn of the century.

McDougall stresses two other truths about American attitudes toward international relations which do not fit current misconceptions. One of them is that those politicians who today are routinely condemned as "isolationists" (such as Henry Cabot Lodge, William Borah, and William Jennings Bryan), were often vigorous internationalists who had sound objections (though not always the same ones) to Wilsonian liberalism. Bryan did favor an active American role in making peace among the World War I belligerents, but unlike Wilson, he did not incline strongly toward the Allies. Though Lodge had been even more openly pro-British during the war than Wilson and Secretary of State Lansing, he opposed Wilson's equivocations during the struggle and his idealistic, entangling internationalism afterwards. Borah too had begun as sympathetic to the Allied side but, like Robert Taft, grew disillusioned with the victors and their treatment of the vanquished. Nonetheless, like the Republican Presidents of the 20's, Senator Borah advocated close commercial and economic ties with the major European states, partly to mediate their differences.

The second truth is that, from the 19th century on, Americans vacillated between two self-images, both with implications for foreign policy. Either the United States was to be an Old Testament promised land whose people, like the Jews, dwelt alone, or it would have to follow the example of the New Testament, going forth to preach the Word (in this case republican government and bourgeois Protestant values) to benighted heathens. McDougall presents the latter vision with such unmistakable scorn that one has to conclude that he is either flattering Jewish readers or expressing his revulsion for democratic globalism (which he identifies with the New Testament-crusader view of American destiny). In his section on Woodrow Wilson, McDougall notes that what

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most distinguished the crusading democrat from his predecessors was the obsessiveness of his missionary New Testament vision. Unlike earlier American leaders, Wilson burned with democratic idealism. He attributed this quality to others fighting the "German militarists and autocrats" and was afterwards shocked to discover their cynical attitudes about power.

According to McDougall, American intervention on the side of the Allies may have been justified to avoid "the calamity" of a German victory; nonetheless, for Wilson, this intervention had to be upheld on moral grounds consistent with his crusading ideology. Therefore he alternated between appeals to neutrality and the appearance of being evenhanded, on the one side, and, on the other, hints to the Allies that the United States would join their side as soon as the Germans provided sufficient provocation. In the end, Wilson bequeathed to the nation a legacy of liberal interventionism, one that McDougall believes has marred our understanding of vital national interests. His own arguments here and in an essay printed in *Commentary* on a "gender-inclusive" military underscore his concern about the danger of making international relations and national defense subject to ideological fashion.

Such a trend, however, may be unavoidable for reasons that go beyond the scope of McDougall's analysis. As his book makes clear, domestic considerations have played a critical and even overshadowing role in American foreign policy in this century. It was not extraneous to American intervention in the Great War that the Eastern elites, in both the North and the South, were passionately Anglophile, or that real neutralists, Anglophobes, Austrophiles, and Germanophiles were in a weaker political and social position. The reason McDougall gives for the possible necessity for intervention—namely, that Germany would otherwise have dominated the Atlantic—is a page taken from a brief by an Anglophile interventionist. A very different view can be found in the arguments of Charles Beard, Walter Karp, Patrick Devlin, and other critics of the Allied case for American intervention. The Central Powers were never in a position to equal, let alone surpass, British naval hegemony. Submarine warfare was desperately resorted to by the Germans to break a British blockade. By war's end that blockade had taken a toll of hundreds of thousands of German civilians. England might indeed have continued to control the seas even if the Germans had forced the French into making a peace favorable to German interests. What distinguished Wilson from Bryan, moreover, is not that one was a New Testament Protestant moralist and the other not. Both were—though Wilson was also a dishonest Anglophile. Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge, by contrast, were honest ones, openly pro-British from 1914 on. Knowing who was or was not culturally and socially sympathetic to the British side may be necessary to an understanding of liberal internationalism in this period.

A similar approach should be applied to understand other groups holding particular foreign policy interests, though all of them, as McDougall points out, depending on the time frame, embraced in the end the language of the crusader state. As odious as this language may be, it did—and still does—provide a rhetoric usable by all sorts of interventionists, from New England and Southern Anglophiles to Catholic anticommunists and Zionist neoconservatives. As Justus Doenecke and McDougall both show, America First's spokesmen against American involvement in the European war often appealed to internationalist ideals. While McDougall rightly presents liberal internationalism as a pervasive creed, equally important has been the adaptability of this creed to different foreign policy agendas.

The final point that needs to be made is the difficulty of carrying out the realistic approach to foreign policy propounded by McDougall. Whether advocated by him, George Kennan, or other teachers of geopolitical sobriety, such an approach may have become anachronistic. Internal politics and journalistic obsessions are by now inseparable from statecraft, as has become obvious with the politicization of the American military. American interventions in Somalia and Bosnia seem to have less to do with national interest than with pressure from the civil rights lobbies and journalistic advocates of Bosnian pluralism and war crimes trials. The "global meliorism" presented by McDougall as the eighth and most recent phase of our relationship to the world (these phases could be easily collapsed into two or three) did not arise spontaneously from the American people. The imperative to change other societies into a reasonable facsimile of the United States is preached by American elites, which subordinate foreign policy to domestic ideologies and electoral strategies.

From the 1960's on, moreover, the global meliorism that McDougall sees taking hold during and after World War II has been accompanied by a government- and media-led effort to ban discrimination in every form. While McDougall deplores its effects on the military, these effects have also been felt in social and foreign policy. America's military intervention in Haiti was justified in terms of a universal "right to democracy." This particular right, confected by journalists and state department officials, had no critics, save for isolated paleoconservatives. The difficulty of stepping into the critical role is that one appears, or is made to appear, "insensitive" as soon as one raises the question of where a putative right comes from. But the refusal to take on the ideological power blocs can only make matters worse. What do the critics of the dominant therapeutic ideology do when we go to war over a "universal right" to feminist self-expression or to homoerotic self-fulfillment? And if we dispute that putative right, do we still have to accept the morality of preaching and imposing a "right to democracy"? Is it necessary to fall back to the earlier fiction in order to dispute its more extreme extension, the way we do by glorifying the civil rights movement of the mid-60's in order to condemn its supposed subsequent derailment? Or is it necessary to break the entire chain of ideologically driven promises in order to make people think clearly and sequentially?

I believe this last question is the one that must be addressed. The "global meliorism" lamented by McDougall reflects a series of cranky agendas presented as foreign policies. The political theorist James Kurth has noted in *Orbis* the incongruity of having a multicultural United States leading an expanded NATO as "protector of the West." In what way, asks Kurth, is the U.S. justified in leading a Western, predominantly Christian civilization, if the same superpower is consciously shedding its specifically Western identity? The answer is both simple and horrendous: the United States will redefine its global mission to fit whatever our political class is doing at home.

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E'en Though It Be a Cross

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

Nearer, My God:
An Autobiography of Faith
by William F. Buckley, Jr.
New York: Doubleday;
313 pp., $24.95

◆

Unbelievers, Flannery O'Connor remarked, think that faith for believers is a big electric blanket, when of course it is the Cross. William Buckley, regretting at the outset of his book that he is unable to convey a sense of his own personal struggle with Catholic Christianity, pleads simply that "there is no sufficient story there to tell." Originally commissioned to write a book entitled "Why I Am Still A Catholic," he later concluded that this would imply that "to continue as a Catholic is in some way remarkable, as in 'Why I Am Still A Whig.'" Yet, though his own faith has seemingly never wavered, Mr. Buckley is nonetheless aware—how many Catholics are not?—that to remain a Catholic in *anno Domini* 1997 is in fact miraculous, a tiny part of the infinitely greater miracle that there remains, after two millennia, a Church in which Catholics can still remain. While adamant in belief, Buckley is keenly sensitive to the existence of doubts and difficulties engendered by the modern secularist age, and also to the troubling human contradictions inherent in an institution that is human and historical in nature, as well as divine. Eschewing the role of devil's advocate, he adopts a tone of humility consistent with the precept, "There, but for the grace of God, go I." It is much harder, O'Connor insisted, to believe than not to believe. Her words might serve as a gloss for this "spiritual biography," which in due course recounts, and gives thanks for, an abundance of graces.

Reminiscing on his childhood and early maturity Buckley poignantly conveys the instillation of Catholicism into his youthful temperament and intellect. In the following chapter he contrasts his formation with examples of the difficulties confronting young people today who might wish to learn about the Christian God. The reminder that these difficulties precede Generation X by several previous ones offers an opening to reprise *God and Man at Yale* as a prophetic document. ("Christianity has been excluded by the very instrument—academic freedom—that Protestantism had counted on to further its mission.") Yet Buckley, a graduate of the Millbrook School in New York—a Protestant establishment—needed to experience Yale to witness the degradation of Christianity in its full force. His counterpart today would have already suffered the ordeal as a tender schoolboy, Millbrook having abolished regularly scheduled prayer in favor of "encouraging" students to engage in spiritual activities and observances of their choice, like Kwanzaa and the Feast of St. Martin Luther King, Jr. Something more than religious eclecticism is going on, Buckley observes. "It is on the order of a substitute for religion," a type of "cultural cosmopolitanism" for which the vernacular term is multiculturalism.

This problem of what might politely be called heterodoxy prompts Buckley to turn next to the evolution of the Catholic magisterium as expounded by Newman, who argued that the question of whether a doctrine has been developed can only be judged by appeal to moral authority: "A revelation is not given, if there be no authority to decide what it is that is given." By way of entry to the sempiternal temptation of private judgment, personal revelation, and cafeteria Catholicism, Buckley goes on to introduce portions of the famous debate between Arnold Lunn and Monsignor Ronald Knox, in which the putative convert proposes doubts and the great apologist for the Faith disposes of them. Clearly doubt fascinates Mr. Buckley, as it does—or should—all Catholics, belief being the result—as Scott Fitzgerald said literature is—of the tension between opposites, while doubt is sown promiscuously like weeds throughout the modern world.

For many older—and not a few younger—Catholics a significant, if unintentional, sower has been the Second Vatican Council. Candidly, though without the vehemence of Evelyn Waugh denouncing what he colorfully described as "the buggering up of the Church," Buckley criticizes the *Novus Ordo*, the revised liturgy in particular. "Reform" seemed in so many cases unnecessary (*Why* give up not eating meat on Friday?), pointless, and futile.

> If clarity were the paramount purpose of liturgical reform—the *ultima ratio* for going into English; the whole reason for the vernacular—then the intended reform of the liturgy has not been accomplished because it cannot be accomplished. If clarity were the desideratum, one would need to jettison, just to begin with, much of St. Paul, whose epistles are in some respects inscrutable to some of the people some of the time, in most respects to most of the people most of the time. To translate them from the Latin or from the archaic grandeur of the Douay into John-Jane-Gyp contemporese is quite simply undoable.

Regarding participation by the faithful, "The rote of saying anything is the enemy of understanding. To reduce to unison prayers whose meaning is elusive to

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"[The] combination of New Age spiritualism with a longtime devotion to sadomasochism has produced a surprising collection of wisdom. . . . This book offers enough New Age spiritualism and self-help measures to attract a broad audience."

—*from a review of* Gay Body: A Journey Through Shadow to Self (*St. Martin's Press*) *in* Publishers Weekly, *September 22, 1997*

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begin with is virtually to assure that they will mean nothing to the reciter, denied the time to ponder their meaning according to his own resources or desires." Finally, Buckley notes, reform, whether or not it has succeeded in inspiriting the Mass, has certainly not brought converts to the Church; instead the size of the laity has decreased, and so has the number of clergy. The convention of Vatican II, he concludes, was regarded then "as the perfect time to persuade ourselves that the Council was being guided by the Holy Spirit. It gave some of us pause."

While reform of itself has not brought converts, those elements of the Church that remain resistant to or are divinely incapable of change have won over a good many in recent decades, quite a few of them men and women of large talents and great intellectual powers. And just as belief is of greater compelling human interest than doubt, so new faith—especially in times like the present—is perhaps more fascinating still. Mr. Buckley, accordingly, convened a forum of converts—Jeffrey Hart, Father Richard John Neuhaus, Father George Rutler, Wick Allison, Ernest van den Haag, and, from beyond the grave, the spirit of Russell Kirk—to serve as a kind of Greek chorus commenting on the author's own theological reflections and obsessions, including the Lunnian phase of their personal conversions as well as certain unpopular Church teachings currently under scrutiny and even fire: priestly celibacy, the male priesthood, the indissolubility of the marriage bond, and the prohibition of birth control.

Faith, finally, is apprehension, what we have from God instead of knowledge; even more, it is experience. Therefore, in a book that is truly more personal than it might at first glance appear to be, Mr. Buckley includes moving accounts of certain of his own experiences of places and events—Lourdes; the ordination of his nephew, Michael Bozell, in the Benedictine monastery at Solesmes—and of people—Malcolm Muggeridge; his mother, Aloise Steiner Buckley—that have provided him with his private epiphanies. Because it is by seeing of this sort, as much as by believing, that all of us who dwell within the Body of Christ may say with gratitude to God that we are still Catholics.

Chilton Williamson, Jr., is the senior editor for books at Chronicles.

Young Americans for Freedom

by Philip Jenkins

Obedient Sons: The Discourse of Youth and Generations in American Culture, 1630-1860
by Glenn Wallach
Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press; 288 pp., $29.95

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Obedient Sons begins by reminding us how thoroughly the language of generations pervades our sense of modern American history, which is after all the story of the "Lost Generation, Beat Generation, generation gap, Generation X." But the whole concept of generations is a relatively modern device which carries a vast range of social and political implications, in particular the assumption that each successive "rising generation" will inevitably resist the hidebound restraints of its predecessor. Not coincidentally, the modern talk of insurgent "generations" owes much to the American discovery of Freud and his Oedipal theories. Dr. Wallach, however, shows that this cultural baggage is by no means the only freight that can be borne by generational rhetoric, and that, in early America, concepts of youth and generation were more commonly used to support conservative notions of continuity and tradition.

Linked to this conservatism was the fear of decline which pervades so much of American history. If America truly was established as "a city upon a hill," a New Israel, then it would often encounter the possibility that the "rising generation" would fail to meet the mark, that the sons of the Pilgrim fathers would accept a life of spiritual ease, and forsake the inner struggle; the sons of the Founding Fathers would betray the ideals of the new republic, which would fade into a pallid facsimile of decadent Europe. Avoiding this fate required each new age-cohort to act resolutely to guard the deposit of national faith, though this determination might manifest itself differently in different epochs. In the 18th century, the need to rekindle ancestral fires resulted in the spate of religious revivals, above all the events of the 1730's and 1740's, which aimed to stir a generation fallen into spiritual torpor, "at ease in Zion." A century later, fears for the secular republic resulted in the movement known as "Young America," which has rarely attracted the attention of historians familiar with similarly named European movements—"Young Italy," or even Disraeli's short-lived "Young England."

The "Young America" concept is here employed as a fruitful means of approaching such otherwise familiar topics as the Transcendentalists and the American renaissance in literature, and the emergence of a radical American nationalism in the political thought of the 1830's and 1840's. In 1845, "Young America" aspired to "plant its right foot upon the northern verge of Oregon and its left upon the Atlantic crag." "Manifest Destiny" was designed precisely for this younger generation: it was of course the "young man" who was urged to relocate west. In John Ford's classic film *Young Mr. Lincoln* (1939), there is a brilliant scene in which Lincoln, in the mid-1830's, witnesses a patriotic parade. A cart bears a treasured handful of ancient men in threadbare uniforms, and Lincoln is proudly told that these are the veterans of the Revolution. The galvanizing reminder that he receives of the nation's original purpose is exactly what, in Wallach's view, stimulated so many of Lincoln's contemporaries in these same years.

A key idea of the book is the notion of how each generation berates itself for failing to live up to the ideals of its fathers, a damning charge seemingly used with great frequency in any number of political contexts. Wallach shows how these ideas were reinforced by religious rhetoric—which was completely suffused by the thought and imagery of the Old Testament—in which the ultimate aspiration expressed was that one might be worthy to be buried with one's fathers. Throughout, we find recurrent irony in the new and virile "young" movement returning to ancestral traditions by challenging the complacency of the old. (The revivalists of the 1740's and 1790's were generally young men contemptuous of their timid elders, while "Young America" even popularized the phrase "old fogeys.") The aim, it seems, was to return to an idealized heroic past, without being too discommoded by the genuine graybeards still walking around.

Obedient Sons is a model of how so-

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cial, intellectual, and cultural history can profitably be integrated, and the author draws on a rich variety of sources which illustrate notions of generational continuity and society's debts to its forefathers. Particularly well used are sermons and celebrations commemorating the founding of New England communities, sources which many modern readers would be tempted to dismiss as booster ephemera. Also crucial are what might be called the "politics of commemoration" in the early 19th century, the intense cultural exercise by Daniel Webster and others to create a national myth incorporating Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill which could ideally provide an ideological cement for the disparate regions of the new republic: remaining one nation became the new generation's best homage to its noble dead. One especially fresh chapter concerns the use of the visual arts in constructing a historical memory for the new United States, and includes a stimulating discussion of the work of George Caleb Bingham. The author has delved into well-known published sources as well as newspapers and magazines and the manuscript materials of the antebellum period, in which he is clearly most comfortable. In light of this, I was surprised not to see at least some reference to the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose "The Gray Champion" (1835) ends with the stirring appeal that "the descendants of the Puritans [will] show the spirit of their sires . . . [that] New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry"—which arguably they would a few years later at Antietam and Gettysburg.

Wallach is very good at using demographic evidence obtained from social science to counterbalance his literary evidence, offering a constant reminder of what a youthful society America was in the early 19th century (especially in the cities), and that gray-haired patriarchs were as scarce in reality as they were abundant in political rhetoric. Young men compensated for this rhetorical overrepresentation by forming the immense range of political clubs, friendly societies, temperance groups, and other associations which were so prominent a part of the era, and through which members hoped to preserve or recapture the old ideals. As Wallach rightly suggests, the story of these fraternal endeavors is a large part of the history of antebellum America. The young men's movements acquired their ideology from the new mass medium of the popular press just as surely as a later youth generation was offered its assumptions ready-packaged by the record industry and popular entertainment.

All in all, this is at once excellent social history and a thought-provoking overview of the politics and culture of mid-19th century America. Dr. Wallach is an indecently young man to be writing such an impressive and widely researched book. (Whippersnapper!)

Philip Jenkins is Distinguished Professor of History and Religious Studies at Pennsylvania State University.

Last Refuge of the White Man

by Collie H. Owens

Bars:

Older white guys gather in the cool,
dark wooded, neon lit, alcoholic
hole, away from maddening heat outside,
do Cuervo shooters or linger on a Bud,
chuckle, flirt with Kimber, the cute barkeep.
With the remote they can control their world:
they watch, detached, on several televisions
the collapse of Western Civilization, live
on CNN, or, better, keep the channel
locked on ESPN, glance at golf,
ice skating, forget Korea, Vietnam,
buddies face down, awash in waves, beheaded,
tortured to death, burned alive, or missing.

Outgunning the Media

by Harry Hogan

The Great American Gun Debate: Essays on Firearms and Violence
by Don B. Kates, Jr., and Gary Kleck
San Francisco: Pacific Research Institute for Public Policy;
300 pp., $16.95

A reasonable case can perhaps be made for some form of firearm regulation. However, few in the opinion-molding professions are able to make it with credibility, unacquainted as they are with up-to-date, scholarly work on the issue. Many journalists who cover the subject continue to recite a collective wisdom based on the studies and analyses of the 1960's and 70's, and it is these views, produced mostly by activists inclined to favor stringent controls, that

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have formed the general public's approach to the subject.

Now a book has appeared which is designed to help journalists—and the public—become acquainted with the gun-control research of the 1980's and 90's. Don Kates and Gary Kleck hope to "bridge the vast gap between scholarly understanding of firearms issues and how they are generally reported and discussed in the popular media." Both men are well qualified for the task: Kleck is a Florida State University criminology professor who has made a specialty of the study of gun ownership and use and their relationship to crime; Kates, a civil rights attorney and scholar noted for his writing on gun issues.

Both Kates and Kleck identify themselves as liberals; each appears to have arrived at his present position in the gun debate through an evolutionary process spanning many years; and each acknowledges that reasonable arguments can be framed for some types of control on the ownership and use of firearms. The authors, in fact, go out of their way to distance themselves from what they characterize as the absolutist positions taken by groups such as the National Rifle Association. Yet both men focus a critical eye on the rhetoric and goals of the gun-control lobby as it has developed since the mid-1960's.

A well-written introductory chapter by Don Kates presents an array of certain gun-related "facts" routinely cited by the media. He demonstrates how these "facts" are inconsistent with the relevant evidence established by qualified researchers, and then outlines what he sees as "the historical antecedents which helped form today's media-based conventional wisdom."

In general, the media's position on this issue has mirrored the views of the antigun lobby. Not until 1981 did any serious challenge to this consensus emerge. Surprisingly, the shot across the bow was a study funded and published by the National Institute of Justice (NIJ) and conducted by scholars with antigun biases. The researchers were shocked by their findings:

> There appears to be no strong causal connections between private gun ownership and the crime rate. . . . It is commonly hypothesized that much criminal violence . . . would not occur were firearms generally less available. There is no persuasive evidence that supports this view.

The years following release of the NIJ report have witnessed a flowering of scholarship, much of it disputing the conclusions of the two previous decades. Citing the treatment of specific gun-related issues, Kleck has little doubt that "the nation's most important news sources do indeed shape information on gun issues in a way which encourages pro-control conclusions." However, in keeping with this careful approach, he takes pains to disassociate himself from any suggestion that the antigun crusade is an inherently leftist enterprise, arguing instead that the media's antigun stance is "a thing apart." He attributes the prejudice against firearms not to any dishonest intentions on the part of reporters but to ignorance of the facts. A dubious position, at best.

Before retiring in 1994, Harry Hogan was a specialist in law enforcement, criminal justice, and public safety at the Congressional Research Service of the Library of Congress.

Beyond All the Shouting

by David A. Bovenizer

Nashville 1864:
The Dying of Light
by Madison Jones
Nashville: J.S. Sanders & Company;
129 pp., $17.95

◆

While *Cold Mountain*, the admittedly well-wrought novel about a Confederate deserter, has achieved best-seller status, a story of a quite different sort has gained a modest but devoted readership and demonstrated anew the gifts of one of America's finest writers.

Nashville 1864 is a mere 129 pages long. Still, it is best not read in the rush of a single sitting, since Madison Jones, as William Walsh declared in a recent issue of the *Chattahoochee Review*, is "the greatest unknown novelist in the United States, if not the world." Indeed, my own admiration for Jones's work is so large, my indebtedness as reader to his gifts (and generosity) as author so deep, that my observations on *Nashville 1864* must place his latest novel within the context of an achievement that is among the greatest in contemporary American letters.

Jones is probably known to the general reader only indirectly as the author of *An Exile*, a novella that became the basis for the movie *I Walk the Line*. I have never seen the movie, or, if I have, I've forgotten it; the novella is an unforgettable masterpiece that explores the mysterious foundations of the human personality, and the presumptions of superficial virtue. The complex interrelationships among temptations, the pride that goeth before a fall: these are the difficult themes to which Jones elegantly attends. Walsh is correct when he writes that Jones's "novels are as universal as those of Faulkner, Hardy, and Flaubert, and as framed in the architecture and tradition of the Greek tragedians as one would hope to discover."

Another name—another sensibility—with whom Madison Jones invites comparison is that of Flannery O'Connor. The hardfisted Larry Brown, a genuine heir of Faulkner, found himself thinking of Jones after reading O'Connor's letters in *The Habit of Being*. Brown's reflections are notable:

> [Jones's] novels . . . possess that relentless forward drive of narrative while allowing the reader to witness the ordinary things of life with great clarity, things like weather and the seasons and the way the sky looks in the morning after a good rain. The South that he writes of is a vivid, mysterious place in certain scenes, and in others it can be as familiar as the back of your own hand. [Jones] gets you deeply and personally involved with his people and their struggles.

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> Like all the best writers, he allows you to lose yourself so fully in his work that the words on the paper begin to assume real life, the people breathing and moving and acting on their own. It's as if these novels were simply found somewhere, already formed, and not written page by page, month after month, year after year.

Brown wrote those lines after reading Miss Flannery's letters and Jones's *A Buried Land*—one of the finest novels of our time—and *A Cry of Absence*, arguably the best novel ever written on the realities of race in the South.

All of which is the necessary prelude to appreciating *Nashville 1864*. Jones's latest work is a novel written in the form of a memoir recently discovered by the grandson of the fictional author. The memoirist, Steven Moore, in 1900 recorded his adventures of 36 years earlier when, as a boy of 12 with his slave and friend Dink, also a boy, he set off, into the countryside of Tennessee, to search for his father, a Confederate soldier. From this story, Madison Jones has created one of the finest fictional recollections of boyhood ever written. Moreover, he makes the time, the countryside, the way of life, and—not least—the war present to the imagination and the senses. He captures what it meant (and may still mean) to be a Southerner, as well as, more particularly, a Tennessean. He writes straightforwardly, poignantly, and truly of what slavery in the South was not, and of what it was: Dink is beautifully and lovingly drawn. Further, Jones's evocation of fatherhood is a great achievement in itself.

> In my memory Father, like the rest of us, including the horse, abides there frozen out of time, he by much the taller looking gravely down into my mother's face. No movement, no sound. I suspect it may not have been just so in those moments, but always when that picture comes back into my mind it is fused with a kind of despairing sadness engendered by an ancient folk ballad my mother used to sing sometimes. It contained these lines:
>
> All saddled and bridled and
> gallant to see,
> Home came his good horse
> But never came he.
>
> I have never since heard that ballad, or read it in a book, that I did not shed a few secret tears.

After several paragraphs in which the father's leave-taking for war is poignantly retold, these lines occur: "This was the end of that conversation. Unless you could call the minute or two that followed, in which my father did something he had never done before, a silent extension of it. He put his hand and held it there on top of mine on the fence rail. I thought of it as the laying on of my commission, the moment of my resolve to act, as far as I was able at ten years old, the part of a grown man. Even the thought was a heavy burden."

Two years later, the boy of 12, after a perilous journey across the ground of the very decisive bloodbath around Nashville, sees his father again:

> There, supported by helping hands on either side, was the man who was my father: my father with his head drooped down and snow-white bandage tied across his face. Not so, I thought and almost said on the impulse of a moment. Then it was gone, displaced by a burning blinding rush of tears into my eyes. So it was that I watched him come on, obscurely near and nearer, a figure swimming as it were in the hot flood of my tears.

Not insignificant to either the story or to Jones's entire career as novelist is the subtitle, taken of course from Dylan Thomas. One must leave to the reader the discovery of its confessional quality. Yet Miss Flannery deserves the last authoritative word, having remarked well over 30 years ago of Madison Jones, "He's so much better than the ones all the shouting is about."

David A. Bovenizer is a Virginian who makes his home in Indianapolis.

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Legends of the Four-Lane Road

by Gregory McNamee

Uneasy Rider: The Interstate Way of Knowledge
by Mike Bryan
New York: Alfred A. Knopf;
352 *pp.*, $25.00

◆

The interstate highways, John Steinbeck complained in his 1962 memoir *Travels with Charley*, "are wonderful for moving goods but not for inspection of a countryside. When we get these thruways across the country, as we will and must, it will be possible to drive from New York to California without seeing a single thing." When Steinbeck wrote these words, the interstate-highway system was still but a planner's dream, the brainchild of the Eisenhower administration intent on creating a system whereby military units could quickly move from one homefront theater to another. Thirty-five years later, that system of national roads now completed, Mike Bryan insists that Steinbeck got it wrong. There is much to see beyond their shoulders, he argues. And finds much to report.

In *Uneasy Rider*—a genial book whose title is a bad pun, certainly not revealing of the author's tone—that insistence occasionally peaks at downright annoyance. Bryan argues strenuously against the notion that the big highways "create and convey a homogenous culture, suburban and absolutely Middle American." He takes potshots at writers like William Least Heat Moon, whose *Blue Highways* is the leading modern exemplar of the road-less-traveled genre, airily dismissing their search for arcane, rare, and forgotten pockets of America that "don't have even marginal currency in the culture at large." For Bryan, the interstate is where the real America is to be located, no matter what a host of other travelers have to say about the matter.

And so, studiously ignoring the ubiquitous Stuckeys and Burger Kings that make one stretch of interstate so much like the next, Bryan takes to the highway: in his case, mostly I-20 and I-10, and mostly in Texas. It is an enjoyable ride, so much so that we are inclined to forgive his previous bad temper, and it takes in some fine detours along the way. His stops include a too-brief visit with the reclusive novelist Cormac McCarthy in El Paso; a longer sojourn at the sludge-treatment facility in nearby Sierra Blanca, where New York City's waste meets the West Texas desert; and overnight stays in little towns into which the interstate feeds only thanks to political machinations that spared their being passed by. His pages are full of well-wrought history, for nearly every interstate follows paths laid out long before: sometimes by Native American hunters, sometimes by pioneer wagon trains, sometimes by mere accidents of topography. Bryan also ferrets out the bizarre and unfamiliar at roadside stops; among the best instances is a call on "a rattlesnake rancher with twenty-first century ambitions," a dabbler in all things entrepreneurial who aims to expand his Texas empire to include turtles, emus, and hedgehogs.

In Bryan's book, there is no short way from Point A to Point B. The charmingly topsy-turvy organization finds Bryan in Dallas one moment, in Flagstaff the next, and in Truth or Consequences after that. The scheme conveys something of the frantic speed of the roadway, and it is a little dizzying at times. Many of his venues are the result of creative fudging: he is fond, for instance, of Laughlin, Nevada, the blue-collar Las Vegas, which lies 20-odd miles from the nearest interstate and does not figure on many maps, although it is now Nevada's second-favorite gambling destination. (Another cheat: the book's cover sports a view from Arizona's Tucson-Nogales Highway, far more picturesque than the interstate.)

You will learn from Bryan that the state of Texas is 878 miles wide along I-10, that Lone Star state troopers issue 500,000 tickets and 400,000 warnings annually, that our nation's three million miles of road cover a full one percent of the lower 48's landmass.

If you are less given to statistical knowledge, you will still find arcana of more than marginal currency: how to conduct yourself at a Border Patrol checkpoint (do what you are told without complaining), how to catch a rattlesnake (grab it by the head), how to tell a good from a bad place to eat before entering (look for locals' cars), how to differentiate the many kinds of trucks rolling down the road. Perhaps most usefully, you will learn how to increase your odds against getting a traffic ticket if you are stopped: politely hand over your driver's license and proof of insurance and say, "Good day, officer" and nothing else.

Bryan has really written two, if not more, books here. The first is a wistful tour of places beside but not wholly part of the Interstate; the second, a look at the culture of the Interstate itself—at the truckers, the cops, the hitchhikers and transients, the East Indian motel operators and American Indian casino employees who populate the lonesome road. Sometimes these two books are at odds with one another. Sometimes the road seems a little wearying even for the author, since Bryan is too often reluctant to end an anecdote and get on with it. But mostly his well-considered, entertaining narrative does a good job of dispelling John Steinbeck's complaint, and the traveler with enough leisure and gasoline could do far worse than to follow Bryan's four-lane path.

Gregory McNamee is the author of A Desert Bestiary *and many other books. He lives in Tucson.*

LIBERAL ARTS

EVERY NINE SECONDS . . .

According to a handout distributed by the Iowa Domestic Abuse Hotline, "about one half of all women in Iowa have had domestic violence happen to them at some time in their lives." How have they arrived at such an inflated figure? Their definition of domestic violence includes such actions as "threatening to harm himself" and "controlling all the money, not allowing you to work, not allowing you to associate with certain people ."

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by Samuel Francis

The New Shape of American Politics

(The following remarks were delivered in a panel discussion, "The New Shape of Politics," at the International Conservative Congress in Washington, D.C., on September 27, 1997)

First of all, I want to thank John O'Sullivan for asking me to take part in this panel, and secondly I want to issue a fair warning to my colleagues on the panel as well as to many in the audience. Many of you—perhaps most of you—will not agree with what I have to tell you about the new shape of American politics, and some of you may actually find it repellent. For some years I have been known, for lack of a better term, as a "Buchananite" conservative (at least that is one of the less objectionable things I have been called), and it is a fair description. But my allegiance to "Buchananism" goes beyond support for the Buchanan presidential candidacy in the last two elections. In my newspaper column as well as in my monthly columns in *Chronicles* (many of which are now collected in a new book called *Revolution From the Middle*, which has been sedulously ignored by the conservative press), I have argued that the Buchanan candidacy is but the formal political expression of a deep social and cultural transformation I have called the "Middle American Revolution." The essential concept and, to some extent, the term are derived from the studies of the late Donald Warren, a sociologist, whose 1976 book, *The Radical Center*, analyzed the underlying social and political forces that make up the Middle American Revolution.

Professor Warren identified a distinctive group in American society that he called "Middle American Radicals," or MARs, who are essentially middle-income, white, often ethnic voters who see themselves as an exploited and dispossessed group, excluded from meaningful political participation; threatened by the tax and trade policies of the government; victimized by its tolerance of crime, immigration, and social deviance; and ignored, ridiculed, or demonized by the major cultural institutions of the media and education. MARs possess objective statistical characteristics, but these are not their defining features. Warren identified as their defining feature an attitudinal characteristic: they view themselves as sandwiched between—and victimized by—an elite (in government and politics, the economy, and the dominant culture) that is either indifferent to them or hostile to them, and an underclass with which the elites are in alliance and whose interests and values the elites support at the expense of the interests and values of Middle Americans.

In Professor Warren's original analysis, MARs were the backbone of George Wallace's national political following, but in later years the categories of "Reagan Democrats," "Perot voters," and—more recently—"Buchanan supporters" are largely identical to them. In my own development of Warren's work, Middle American Radicals represent both the central political base of the American right, from at least the time of George Wallace and probably going back to Joe McCarthy, and the core or nucleus of American culture and the American nation. Any movement of the right that wishes to succeed in national politics must mobilize Middle American forces, as both Nixon and Reagan did and as George Bush, Bob Dole, and Jack Kemp failed to do.

A convenient statistical definition of Middle Americans is that they are the middle-income categories, making between $15,000 and $50,000 a year, a group that comprises about 50 percent of the voting electorate. Exit polls show that Reagan won an average of 57 percent of this category in 1980 and 1984, while in 1992 and 1996 Bush and Dole won only an average of 37 percent—a precipitous decline of 20 percentage points. If the Republican Party continues to ignore MARs, it will find itself reduced to minority status and may even eventually cease to exist as a major party; and if the conservative movement continues to ignore them, it too will dwindle in cultural and political significance. The "crisis of conservatism," the "conservative crack-up," that Beltway and Manhattan conservatives today fret about is due precisely to the alienation of Middle American Radicals from the mainstream and neoconservative right. If, however, the American right seriously wishes to govern, it will have to base its ideas and policies on Middle American Radicalism or Middle American Populism and incorporate the interests and values of MARs into its own political agenda.

My time is brief, so I will merely list some of the main issues that currently and in the foreseeable future are important issues for Middle Americans, illustrate why they are important, and how conservatives and Republicans have managed to blow them. The first and perhaps the most important issue that conservatives and Republicans have failed to address is immigration, both illegal and legal. There has been a fairly consistent trend in national opinion polls showing that large percentages of Americans of all ethnic and class backgrounds generally oppose immigration and want it reduced or stopped. Last year a Roper poll showed that some 83 percent of the public favors reducing or halting immigration. I think this poll speaks for itself; you cannot get public responses on most polls better than 83 percent. During the Persian Gulf War, when President Bush's popularity rating was about 90 percent, Bob Dole joked that the remaining 10 percent probably didn't know who the President was. Based on the Roper poll on immigration, it is probably fair to say that Americans who don't oppose immigration probably don't know that immigration is a problem or an issue.

Yet the Republicans have consistently failed to take up immigration reform. Virtually the first thing Bob Dole did last year after securing the party nomination was to repudiate the GOP platform plank on immigration, and Jack Kemp has long been notorious among immigration restrictionists for his unqualified support for immigration. Prior to his attempt with Bill Bennett in 1994 to sabotage California's Proposition 187, Kemp was actually in favor of both illegal and legal immigration, and as HUD Secretary he refused to allow the Immigration and Naturalization Service to enforce federal laws against illegal immigrants in federal housing projects.

This year the chairman of the Senate

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Judiciary Committee's subcommittee on immigration is Senator Spencer Abraham, who refuses to countenance any effort to reduce immigration; and the great fear within the Beltway right is that by even mentioning immigration, the Republicans will alienate the Hispanic vote—a concern that tends to confirm Middle American perceptions that political elites are allied with an underclass against the middle class. Hence, the trend of thought within the Republican Party and among its Beltway strategists is that the Republicans should do nothing whatsoever about immigration, except to restore welfare benefits to immigrants as the Republican Congress did earlier this year.

In addition to the immigration issue, there is also the very salient Middle American issue of trade policy. I understand this is not just controversial but actually anathema to most conservatives, but the fact is that last year Buchanan acquired some of his most impressive vote counts in areas harmed by current trade policies. Well after Dole had effectively secured the nomination in the primaries, Buchanan won nearly 34 percent of the vote in the Michigan and Wisconsin primaries, both states where crossover voting is allowed and both manufacturing states now facing economic decline because of foreign competition. On the same day, March 19, in the 17th congressional district of Ohio (Ohio's Mahoning Valley, also a center of Middle Americans who hold or have held manufacturing jobs), Buchanan took 40 percent of the vote, again well after Dole had effectively won the nomination. Trade and economic nationalism, therefore, are key Middle American issues that can help regain for the Republicans the Reagan Democrats forfeited by the 1992 Bush-Quayle and 1996 Dole-Kemp tickets.

Once again, Republicans and mainstream conservatives have blown these issues, just as they have immigration. Clinton was able to enact NAFTA only with Republican help, and today he stands to win passage of fast-track legislation and the extension of NAFTA, again with Republican help. Although polls indicate that 54 percent of the public opposes fast track, as do 67 percent of self-identified Republicans, fast track has been editorially endorsed by virtually all leading conservative newspapers and magazines and by the Republican leadership in Congress, and free trade ideology remains dominant among most conservatives everywhere.

I could go on with a variety of issues that are of vital importance to Middle Americans on which Republicans have either refused to act or actually come out on the other side of—affirmative action; Second Amendment rights; perceived erosion of national sovereignty not only through NAFTA and the World Trade Organization but also in the enhancement of United Nations peacekeeping operations and the continuous, needless involvement of the United States in foreign conflicts irrelevant to our national interests; and the whole range of cultural issues from the failure of the Republicans to abolish the National Endowment for the Arts to the actions against the Confederate flag by South Carolina Republican Governor David Beasley. On issue after issue, the Republicans have failed to support Middle Americans. Instead of taking these issues seriously and trying to address them, what we hear from the Republicans is the Beltway policy-wonkism of the Contract with America, and we are now advised by GOP pollster Frank Luntz to avoid all issues, to mouth merely sound bites that make voters think their concerns are being addressed and make them feel good. Meanwhile Bill Kristol tells us, in a sentence worthy of Leonid Brezhnev, that you cannot love your nation if you hate its government and, as Mr. Kristol told E.J. Dionne a couple of weeks ago, that conservatives should have no problem with Franklin Roosevelt, John F. Kennedy, or Lyndon Johnson. With advice like that, no wonder there is a conservative crack-up, and it would be interesting to know why there should be any conservatism at all or why it should ever have existed.

It is therefore no wonder that GOP presidential candidates lose Middle American allegiances and with them also lose elections; that we see the emergence of third party rivals; and that a fringe is turning to groups like the militias, talking seriously about secession, and endorsing the most bizarre conspiracy theories about the government and its leadership.

What we are seeing in this alienation of Middle Americans from mainstream conservatism and the Republican Party is, in my view, essentially the emergence of a new paradigm in American politics—not James Pinkerton's new paradigm and not the Third Wave of Mr. Gingrich, but a paradigm that is essentially nationalist rather than "right" or "left" as we have historically known those labels. Immigration, trade, sovereignty, and cultural issues all revolve around national identity, and the new shape of politics in the future will see the emergence of a new nationalism: not Bill Kristol's nationalism, which is denuded of all content, but one that will demand that these issues be addressed. It may not be Pat Buchanan who carries the new paradigm to political and cultural power, but someone will. Mainstream conservatives and Republicans can either take up the issues that the Buchanan campaigns have identified or they can ignore them, as they have done and are doing, and eventually expect to vanish from the national political scene. ◁

LIBERAL ARTS

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS

Some Promise Keepers may not be. A recent issue of *New Man* reports that a survey conducted by the National Center for Fathering in 1996 found that "33 percent of men responding at eight different [Promise Keepers] conferences agreed with the statement that they 'enjoy looking at sexually oriented material' and 16 percent had 'purchased pornographic material in the past year.'"

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Letter From Grenada

by Geoffrey Wagner

Revenge of the Cat

◆

I recently noticed an article in the *Trinidad Guardian* about two male teenagers who had been charged with savagely "chopping" an old man (though not to death). Each youth received a sentence of 42 years in prison plus 20 strokes of the birch. It was the latter part of the sentence, the instrument designated by the learned judge, that surprised, but throughout the ex-British colonies "strokes" with a cane have become a fairly routine court order for rapists and for incestuous and violent men in general. The famous caning incident in Singapore hardly drew a ripple of interest in such independent, ex-colonial deposits.

An order of "strokes" in a Caribbean magistrate's court is given by the presiding authority (quite often a woman) and carried out immediately. The instrument generally used is the whippy tamarind or "tammy," which is similar to that in the schools of my youth; Singapore employs the rotan. The infamous cat-o'-nine tails, which the French writer Pierre Daninos claims to lurk in every Englishman's subconscious, no longer exists in penal reality. Its last judicial use in England was probably in the case of the three so-called "Mayfair playboys," who in the 30's assaulted an old lady and were sentenced to, and each received, eight strokes of the cat, given in two doses, for leniency's sake.

One may therefore be permitted a certain equanimity in discussing this matter in modern America since sentences of the kind are not likely there. My father, a Puisne judge in an erstwhile Crown Colony, probably imposed several such sentences as a matter of course. Statistics as to the efficacy of such punishments naturally do not exist. But to interpret corporal punishment as "child-whipping" is to ignore the reasons why, for instance, a black judge in Trinidad ordered the birch in 1997. There were over 600 murders in Jamaica last year.

The liberal press in America has never tried to understand, let alone countenance, the peer-punishment system of male British schools of all classes, though Helen Burns (played by Elizabeth Taylor in Orson Welles' *Jane Eyre*) is lightly birched at the fictional Lowood girls school, in what the Brontë Society has told us now is an exaggeration of Charlotte's real-life Cowan Bridge School.

The great birching headmasters, Keate of Eton and Busby of Westminster, seem not so much to have been governing schools as fighting back anarchic child ghettos, the pupils threatening any authority, letting loose large rats during prayers and the like. As Lytton Strachey tells us of Keate, "Every Sunday afternoon he attempted to read sermons to the whole school assembled; and every Sunday afternoon the whole school assembled shouted him down." Such was the *Nicholas Nickleby* syndrome, from which Thomas Arnold rescued Rugby when the headmastership of that school fell vacant in 1827.

Again, Strachey puts it well:

> It was a system of anarchy tempered by despotism. Hundreds of boys, herded together in miscellaneous boarding-houses, or in that grim "Long Chamber" at whose name in after years aged statesmen and warriors would turn pale, lived, badgered and overawed by the furious incursions of an irascible little old man carrying a bundle of birch-twigs, a life in which licensed barbarism was mingled with the daily and hourly study of the niceties of Ovidian verse.

Indeed, it has been said that the cane was introduced into these so-called schools as being more lenient than the birch, and taking less time from Latin. There is surely all the difference in the world in the ritual handshake to the Praepostor who has just caned you (borrowed from Tonbridge School in the movie *If*) and the black mask of the prison guard who administers the brutal cat. In *The Fourth of June* (Eton's great holiday), David Benedictus tells us that in his day there were as many as 60 senior boys allowed to cane without first approval from a master—and *the ritual number of strokes was never exceeded.*

In his autobiography, David Niven relates how he got 12 strokes for cheating from the legendary Stowe headmaster, Roxburgh: after the first ration of "six of the best" it hurt so much he hardly felt anything—until later. Roald Dahl has left us an amusing short story in which he sits in a railway carriage across from another man he feels sure caned him at school years before (Dahl was at Repton). He is mistaken, but the story dramatizes how socially encumbering it is for an Englishman to meet later in life one who caned him at school.

No one is advocating the return of corporal correction in schools, though there are pockets around. The matter of social retribution—let the liberals call it revenge—is different. The criminal is a grown adversary, self-declared, and it is not for nothing that most Caribbean island states (Barbados, Trinidad and Tobago, etc.) restored Britain's Flogging Act on going independent of the mother country. They don't want the London Privy Council, chosen by the Queen, mitigating and even annulling the sentences of their own justices on the spot.

General Zia Ul-Haq of Pakistan used to say, "We flog with style." And presumably the Muslim code has to be taken into consideration here. It is no good simply getting into a rage about the subject, alongside the little old ladies of Amnesty International. When Edmund Wilson reviewed for the *New Yorker* the six-volume edition of Swinburne's correspondence, he was horrified. All those distressing index entries under "Flagellation." And hadn't Steven Marcus, tapping the Pisanus Fraxi or Ashbee collection in the British Museum, found a major portion of it to be what we might term flagellantine baroque? How could this happen? Such a civilized race.

The cane is abolished in England, and no one is hazing an underclassman in front of a fire as in *Tom Brown's School Days*. Still, freedom has its restraints,

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and stoicism exists. In fact, one of Hugh Walpole's most popular fictions begins with a caning. It is called *Fortitude*.

Geoffrey Wagner's most recent book is a translation of Gèrard de Nerval's Aurèlia *(Exact Change Press, Boston).*

Letter From Rockford

by Frank Schier

How the Little Guys Won

◆

Editors' note: Our hometown of Rockford, Illinois, is celebrated by pollsters as one of the most demographically average cities in the United States. Not surprisingly, then, our political, economic, and cultural trials reflect those of the country at large. In "Letter From Rockford," a recurring column, Rockford writers will examine local issues that have national significance.

Rockford has a rich industrial heritage of furniture makers, tool and die manufacturers, defense contractors, and metal-fastener producers. Along with this heritage comes the gift that keeps on giving—pollution. After making their rounds at local factories, waste haulers used to dump a variety of solvents, oils, and paint wastes on the sandy soil of former farms (where they had a clear path down to the city's aquifers), or bury barrels of waste in city dumps or on their own properties. The old petroleum and chemical holding tanks of these industries still exist, of course, as do the underground tanks of former gas stations. At the time (the 1940's, 50's, and early 60's), the dumping of industrial wastes and the burying of barrels were legal.

Many of the polluting industries were located in southeast Rockford. In the 1960's, 70's, and 80's, the rates of cancer and other illnesses began to rise in southeast Rockford, where homes were not connected to city water but relied on wells. This rise prompted a seven-year, $9.2 million study by the Environmental Protection Agency, which also connected many southeast-side homes to city water. Now they want their (our?) money back. In addition, the EPA estimates that it will cost another $5.5 million to clean up Ekberg Park, a former farm—now owned by the Rockford Park District—which was the site of much of the dumping. The total: about $15 million.

Who should pay the $15 million? For that matter, who should pay the bill for any area designated a Superfund cleanup site by the EPA? Historically, the polluters have paid. But since dumping was legal prior to 1964, and the community benefits from jobs generated by polluting companies, some have argued that local taxpayers should pay.

That was the conclusion of the Rockford Chamber of Commerce and Rockford Mayor Charles Box. Taking advantage of a little-known Illinois statute that allows the creation of special taxing districts for things like mosquito abatement, they proposed a special property tax district in southeast Rockford. Industrial property owners in the district would pay an additional $1.18 in taxes per $100 of assessed value for the next 20 years, to fund $6 million in bonds. Another $3.5 million in water bonds would be issued, and paid for by a city-wide surcharge on industrial/commercial water usage. Of the $15 million, only $5.5 million would be paid by the businesses that the EPA had designated as "Potentially Responsible Parties" (PRPs)—in other words, the businesses that had actually polluted. And that $5.5 million would come from *voluntary* contributions. Meanwhile, the total bill to the taxpayers of Rockford, over the 20-year life of the bonds, would be in the range of $20 million.

To an outsider, this plan must sound crazy. Why would the city of Rockford take this liability upon itself, or rather, upon its taxpayers? Why not make the PRPs shoulder the entire bill? The official answer was presented by Ryan Petty and Joe Reagan of the Rockford Chamber of Commerce. Spouting fire and brimstone, they painted a picture of endless litigation which would destroy Rockford's economy, as the PRPs attempted to reduce their liability by forcing other companies—companies which the EPA had not targeted—to pay some of the costs. From their pulpit, Petty and Reagan thundered that paying the tax would be cheaper than paying legal fees. They cited chapter and verse from other Superfund sites, where litigation had been intense.

The threat of litigation was a powerful incentive, and the almost religious fervor of Petty and Reagan was so convincing that most of the opinion leaders in Rockford—including those who normally oppose the Box machine—were initially in favor of the proposed solution. Rockfordians have had their fill of litigation, and they have seen its destructive effects. Our school district is under federal court control, the result of a desegregation lawsuit which has cost Rockford taxpayers $150 million over the past few years. Compared to that, the proposed Superfund solution looked like pocket change.

The battle to defeat the Superfund settlement had several "defining moments," but the first came when Luther Landon, a local environmental consultant, organized a conference, open to all concerned, to examine the plan. Landon, who had formerly worked for the Illinois EPA, presented the facts—as far as they are known—regarding the sources and implications of Rockford's groundwater contamination. Environmental attorneys Michael Maher and Elizabeth Harvey discussed the associated liability issues, and James Hess, an attorney who specializes in municipal law, described the legal problems of the proposed tax district. Presented for the first time with a credible discussion of the issue, many of the business owners in southeast Rockford began to view the "solution" as an attempt by Rockford's power structure to protect its own interests. As in many industrial towns, those who head up the largest industries also exert great control over Rockford's politics. To cite just one example: Ray Wood, the president of Rockford Products (one of the PRPs), was the finance chairman for the reelection committees of *both* Democratic Mayor Charles Box and Republican State Senator Dave Syverson. Given the dynamics of Rockford politics, the Superfund "solution" proposed by the Mayor and the Chamber of Commerce looked more like a welfare program for politically influential businesses.

After Landon's conference, the grassroots struggle began in earnest. Those opposed to the Superfund taxing district were helped by the arrogance of those who supported it. At a city council hearing, Ray Wood, presumably trying to stifle the burgeoning opposition in its cradle, thundered, "I guarantee you, unequivocally, we will sue. No matter who you are or where you are." Meanwhile, behind the scenes, some of the PRPs

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which did business with smaller companies in the proposed taxing district informed them that opposition to the proposed solution would hurt their bottom line.

This was no idle threat. Under the Illinois mosquito abatement statute, the special taxing district would automatically be created unless 51 percent of the affected property owners signed a petition *opposing* the district. In other words, there was no "Australian ballot." A business's stand on the taxing district would be public knowledge, and the PRPs could use that knowledge any way they wished.

Despite these threats—or perhaps, because of them—the small business community in southeast Rockford stood up to the powers-that-be. Mal Anderburg, the owner of Dial Machine, and others spent over $50,000 and thousands of hours fighting the taxing district through their group, Concerned Property Owners (CPO). Most of the members of CPO were apolitical; some had never even voted. But they went door-to-door in southeast Rockford, gathering the necessary signatures. Glen Ekberg, who had donated the Ekberg Park land to the Rockford Park District, was the only individual named by the EPA as a PRP; yet he put principle ahead of financial considerations, and signed the petition. He did not believe that placing a tax burden for the Superfund cleanup on innocent small businesses was right.

From the beginning, it was clear that, if those opposed to the taxing district did not succeed in their petition drive, the Rockford City Council would have to vote on the plan. The city council normally acts as a rubber stamp for the wishes of Mayor Box. The Winnebago County Board, however, is a different matter. When it was revealed that a portion of the proposed taxing district was in the county, and that the district could not be created without the board's consent, several county board members—notably Republicans Mary Ann Aiello and Tom Seymour—stood up for the small businesses in the taxing district. Their tireless efforts would ultimately turn the tide.

For months, Mayor Box and the Chamber of Commerce portrayed the EPA as the heavy. They argued that they were simply trying to protect the citizens of Rockford from further federal intervention, à la the school situation. But the facts did not add up. For one thing, the proposed Superfund taxing district had boundaries that were different from those used in the EPA's Superfund study. Some members of the opposition noticed that certain politically influential businesses had been excluded from the taxing district. City Attorney Ron Schultz was forced to admit that the city, not the EPA, had set the boundaries for the taxing district, and that, under the mosquito-abatement statute, the size of the district could be increased by five percent *every year*.

When Mary Ann Aiello decided to approach the EPA on her own, hoping to get some answers, she received a shock. The EPA had not proposed the Superfund "solution"; the proposal had originated in Rockford! So, who was the real enemy of the local taxpayer: the EPA, or local government acting in collusion with local big business?

The truth began to emerge at a forum, organized by Aiello and held at Rockford College. Hoping to clear up some misconceptions—and perhaps some outright lies—Aiello invited Andrew Warren, the EPA's attorney in Chicago, to address the property owners in the proposed taxing district. A few days before the forum, Warren told Aiello that he had received a call from the U.S. Department of Justice, and that he might not be able to attend after all. I called Warren to find out why. He said that DOJ had concerns that his visit might affect the outcome of the Superfund petition drive. I asked him about rumors that were spreading through Rockford: Was there pressure from the White House? Had Janet Reno intervened because of Mayor Box's position with the U.S. Council of Mayors, or because of his other contacts with the White House? He recommended that I contact DOJ directly. An underling there noted my concerns that Warren's failure to speak at the forum would give the appearance of a coverup. Warren came to the forum, as did an attorney from the Department of Justice, two attorneys from the U.S. EPA, and 2 representatives of the Illinois EPA.

The powers-that-be made a desperate attempt to regain control of the situation. State Senator Dave Syverson (the Republican who shares a finance committee chairman with Democratic Mayor Box) attempted to take over the forum. But there was little he could do. When he mentioned the Chamber of Commerce, laughter filled the room. Seeing his best-laid plans going astray, Mayor Box quietly slipped out of the room after a mere ten minutes. It was not the finest hour for the powers-that-be.

But even though those opposed to the "solution" had gained the upper hand, the city and the Chamber of Commerce remained arrogant. City Attorney Ron Schultz refused to release the Consent Decree (the document detailing the full terms of the city's proposed settlement with the EPA), until the Department of Justice made a call to Schultz at the request of Mary Ann Aiello and Tom Ping, an auto mechanic whose shop was in the proposed taxing district.

As Jim Hess, an attorney for Concerned Property Owners, commented, "Sometimes you have to look at the forest, not the trees. Ron Schultz wants you to look at the trees. It all has to be extended. It's not a question of whether [the Consent Decree] would be revealed; it's a matter of when. They've treated us like mushrooms. You know what mushrooms are—you keep them in the dark and cover them with horse manure."

What was the forest that the city was trying to conceal? The Consent Decree revealed that the city of Rockford—in other words, the taxpayers—and not the PRPs would be responsible for paying the entire $15,761,900 bill (plus interest!) to the EPA by the end of the year. A section entitled "Effect of Settlement; Contribution Protection" revealed the extent to which the city wished to protect the PRPs. Any business which signed on to the agreement could not be sued; any business which refused to sign, however, could be sued by the PRPs.

The release of the Consent Decree virtually assured the death of the taxing district. But the Chamber of Commerce had one final trick up its sleeve. The Chamber sent a videotape of the Rockford College forum to all businesses in the proposed taxing district. The videotape (quite accidentally, of course) had a Watergate-style gap. The missing seconds just happened to encompass an EPA lawyer's statement that the EPA would *not* sue a business if the only evidence of contamination on that business's property came from a contaminated aquifer running underneath it. Tom Ping, the auto mechanic, discovered the gap, and Chris Bowman, a local radio talk show host who had devoted hundreds of hours of his show to the opponents of the tax district, played the tape on the air, over and over.

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The little guys and gals had had enough. Three hundred and forty-seven property owners signed the petition—a full 63 percent; the statute required only 51 percent. Still, Mayor Box would not concede. The city, which had declared the number of properties in the taxing district to be 550, hired a local title company (paradoxically named Chicago Title) to research the owners-of-record. Concerned Property Owners, suspecting that the city was attempting to invalidate the petition by increasing the number of signatures needed, filed an intent to sue the city.

Finally, on September 15, 45 days after the petition was submitted, Mayor Box announced that Chicago Title had found 655 properties in the proposed district. After disallowing 13 alleged duplicate signatures, the city claimed that the petition organizers had garnered only *50.992 percent*, "ever so slightly short" (in Ron Schultz's words) of the 51 percent needed. Nonetheless, Mayor Box announced, he would not submit the taxing district to the county board for approval. How magnanimous.

The little guys had won. The taxing district proposal was dead. And in their last, desperate attempt to save face, Mayor Box and City Attorney Schultz had ended up with egg on theirs.

But broader questions still remain. Was the proposed Superfund tax district simply business as usual, in which the average man has to pay for the transgressions of the powerful? Was this "solution" a model for resolving Superfund sites in the rest of Illinois, or even across the country? Watch Rockford; as we go, so goes the nation.

As Robert Frost wrote: "My object in living is to unite / my avocation and my vocation / as my two eyes make one in sight." We here in Rockford work hard at our vocations every day. Our avocation—the avocation of everyone in America—will have to be the resolution to resist, to fight those battles in which the mighty seem destined to win. The mighty did win here in Rockford: not Mayor Box, City Attorney Schultz, the Chamber of Commerce, and the PRPs; but Mal Anderburg, Glen Ekberg, Mary Ann Aiello, Chris Bowman, Luther Landon, Jim Hess, Tom Ping, Belle Zyla, and many others I haven't mentioned. They sacrificed, they fought, and *they won*. You can do the same in your town.

Frank Schier is the editor and publisher of the Rock River Times, *a weekly newspaper in Rockford.*

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CRIME

Burglary and the Armed Homestead

by David Kopel

Guns in the right hands make all good people safer—including people who don't own guns. The higher the number of responsible people who have guns ready to be used for self-defense, the safer the public is. The tremendous degree to which widespread gun ownership makes American homes safer from home invaders is one of the great unreported stories of the American gun-control debate.

The United States suffers from a very high rate of violent crime, compared to most other industrial democracies. Despite recent improvement, the American crime rate is high for crimes that often involve guns (such as murder), and for crimes that rarely involve guns (such as rape, in which only seven percent of criminals use guns).

Yet, happily, American homes are comparatively safe from burglary. They are especially safe from "home invasion" or "hot" burglaries—that is, burglaries in which the victim is present during the burglary. As an introductory criminology textbook explains, "Burglars do not want contact with occupants; they depend on stealth for success." The textbook is correct; only 13 percent of residential burglaries in the United States are attempted against occupied homes. But this happy fact of life, so taken for granted in the United States, is not a universal.

In Canada, for example, a Toronto study found that 48 percent of burglaries were against occupied homes, and 21 percent involved a confrontation with the victim. In Edmonton, about half of all burglaries are "hot." A 1982 British survey found 59 percent of attempted burglaries involved an occupied home.

Why should American criminals, who have proven that they engage in murder, rape, and robbery at a higher rate than their counterparts in other nations, display such a curious reluctance to perpetrate burglaries against occupied residences? Could part of the answer be that they are afraid of getting shot?

In a survey of felony convicts in state prisons, 73 percent of the convicts who had committed a burglary or violent crime agreed "one reason burglars avoid houses when people are at home is that they fear being shot." Another study found that over 90 percent of burglars said that they would not even attempt a burglary in a house that they thought might be occupied.

Most scholarly studies rely on burglars who are currently incarcerated. One important study broke this mold: *Burglars on the Job* by Richard T. Wright and Scott Decker. This was a 1994 survey in St. Louis of 105 currently active burglars. The authors observed, "One of the most serious risks faced by residential burglars is the possibility of being injured or killed by occupants of a target. Many of the offenders we spoke to reported that this was far and away their greatest fear."

The fear of armed victims is not limited to the home. Unlike most other nations, America allows its citizens to be armed for protection not only in their home but in their place of business. A 1996 study of 310 armed robbers, by Athena Research in Seattle, reported that many robbers are afraid of armed victims more than anything else. The fear of armed victims is why armed robbers often avoid "mom and pop" stores where the victim may be armed. Instead, robbers concentrate on chain stores, where corporate policy frequently forbids employees to be armed.

Real-world experiments yield results consistent with burglars' reports of their desire to avoid confrontations with armed victims. In the 1960's, gun control advocates in New York City handed out window decals, so that homeowners could proclaim that their home did not contain a gun. The decals quickly became a magnet for burglars, and the decal program was abandoned. The converse of the New York City "victimize this house" program are the real-world experiments in which cities have forcefully reminded potential burglars of the dangers of armed victims.

In Orlando in 1967, the police responded to a rape epidemic by initiating a highly publicized program training women in firearms use. While rape increased in the nation and in Florida over the next year, the rape rate fell 88 percent in Orlando, and burglary dropped 22 percent. The same year, rising rates of store robberies prompted a similar (but smaller-scale) program in Kansas City, Missouri, to train store owners in gun use. The next year, while the robbery rate in Missouri and the United States continued to rise significantly, the rate fell in the Kansas City metro area. The trend of increasing burglary in the area also came to an abrupt end, contrary to state and national patterns.

In 1982, the town of Kennesaw, Georgia, horrified the national media by passing an ordinance requiring every home to have a gun. (Exceptions were made for conscientious objectors, people with criminal records, and various other categories.) In the seven months before the ordinance, there had been 45 residential burglaries. In the seven months after the ordinance, there were only five—an 89 percent decline. Over the next five years, the residential burglary rate in Kennesaw was 85 percent below the rate before the enactment of the ordinance.

The ordinance may not have actually changed gun ownership patterns much in Kennesaw; the mayor estimated that even before the ordinance, about five of every six Kennesaw homes contained a gun. But the publicity surrounding the Kennesaw law may have served as a very powerful warning to persons contemplating a residential burglary in the town: any homeowner confronted during a burglary would almost certainly be armed.

Not just in Kennesaw, but throughout the United States, the armed victim is a serious danger to burglars. One of 31 burglars has been shot during a burglary. Thus, American burglary patterns are heavily influenced by the perpetrators' fears of confronting an armed victim. Most burglars report that they avoid late-night burglaries because "That's the way

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to get shot."

Opponents of gun ownership for home defense insist that—despite what burglars say again and again—the fear of armed victims has little to do with burglary patterns. Instead, burglars are claimed to be nonconfrontational by nature, wanting to avoid seeing any victim, armed or not. But this assertion fails to explains why burglars in Great Britain or Canada are so much less shy than their American cousins. Besides, burglars are *not* nonconfrontational by nature. A multistate study of felony prisoners found that 62 percent of burglars had also perpetrated robberies. (A burglary is an entry into a building to commit a felony, and does not necessarily involve a confrontation; a robbery is the taking of property from a victim through force or the threat of force.)

The St. Louis study of currently active burglars observed: "Most offenders in our sample . . . showed little concern for the well-being of their victims. In fact, several of them said they were prepared to use violence against anyone who got in their way during the commission of an offense." As one St. Louis burglar told Wright and Decker: "When [the victims] come in there, they better have some boxin' gloves on cause . . . I'm gon hurt you, I ain't lyin'."

When burglars do encounter victims who cannot protect themselves, the results can be terrifying. In 30 percent of the cases in which a burglar does confront a victim, the victim is assaulted or threatened. In ten percent of these cases, the assaults turn into rapes. Florida State University criminologist Gary Kleck, in *Point Blank: Guns and Violence in America*, explains the implications of these statistics:

> Suppose that the percentage of "hot" burglaries rose from current American levels (around 12 or 13%) to the Canadian level (around 45%). Knowing how often a hot burglary turns into an assault, we can predict that an increase in hot burglaries to Canadian levels would result in 545,713 more assaults every year. This by itself would raise the American violent crime rate 9.4%.

While the gun prohibition lobby portrays gun owners as atavistic and selfish, gun ownership for home protection is considerably more beneficial to the entire community than many other anti-burglary measures.

Burglars (or convenience-store robbers) do not know which of their potential victims may be armed. Until a confrontation with a homeowner, the potential burglar generally has no idea whether any given homeowner has a gun. Thus, burglars must (and most do) take care to avoid entering any home where a victim might be present. Because about half of all American homes contain a gun, burglars tend to avoid all occupied American homes. People who don't own guns—even people who belong to gun-prohibition organizations—enjoy free-rider safety benefits from America's armed homes.

In contrast to guns, burglar alarms appear to have no net community benefit. Burglar alarms have been shown to reduce burglaries for homes in which they are installed; but the presence of many burglar alarms in a neighborhood does not appear to decrease or increase the burglary rate for unalarmed homes.

False alarms—which account for 94 to 98 of all burglar alarm activations—impose very large public safety costs through misappropriation of limited police resources. False-alarm signals travel over 911 lines, and may crowd out genuine emergencies. Guns, of course, lie inert until someone decides to use them; they do not go off because a cat jumped into a beam of light.

Gun prohibitionists make all sorts of claims about the risks of "a gun in the home," and these claims have some validity if the gun happens to be in the home of a violent felon, or an alcoholic, or a person with suicidal tendencies. But in responsible hands, guns are no danger at all, since the gun will only shoot in the direction in which it is pointed, and will not fire unless the trigger is pulled.

In any case, whatever risks a gun in the home may present are borne almost entirely by the people in that home. The non-gunowners in the community get the benefit of safety from home-invasion burglars, while assuming no risks at all. (The only significant external danger of a gun in the home is if the gun is stolen by a criminal, a risk that also applies to any other device that could be stolen and used by a criminal, such as a car or a crowbar, or any valuables which could be sold and the profits used to buy crime tools.) And, of course, guns stay quiet and unobtrusive until needed. They do not bark all night and wake up the neighborhood, like dogs often do. Nor do guns rush into the street to attack and sometimes kill innocent people, as some guard dogs do. Guns in the right hands do nothing at all, until they are needed. Firearms, which are typically stored deep inside a home, do not make a neighborhood look ugly. But window bars give a neighborhood the appearance of a prison, and some window bars can trap the occupants of a home during a fire.

Most people consider it rational for householders to have burglary insurance. Yet insurance premiums must (for the insurance company to stay in business) be set at a level at which the cost of the premiums exceeds the probable payout by the insurance company over the long run. Insurance is, by definition, a losing bet. If it is reasonable for people to reduce the risks of burglary by buying insurance, it is far more reasonable for people to reduce the risks of burglary by purchasing a gun for home protection. Over a ten-year period, the cost of insurance premiums far exceeds the cost of a good gun. Moreover, the gun, unlike the insurance premium, can actually prevent a victim from being injured.

Unfortunately, the antigun lobby is morally opposed to gun ownership for defensive purposes. As Sarah Brady ex-

LIBERAL ARTS

THEY'LL BE COMING 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN . . .

According to *Immigration Watch*, a publication of American Immigration Control, Prime Minister Mahatir Mohamad of Malaysia recently denounced economic globalization as a Western plot to reimpose colonialism on Third World countries. In a scene seemingly drawn from Jean Raspail's novel *The Camp of the Saints*, Mohamad warned that, if the World Bank and the IMF continued their current policies, residents of the Third World "should migrate north in the millions, legally or illegally, if we are going to be global citizens. Masses of Asians and Africans should inundate Europe and America."

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plains, "To me, the only reason for guns in civilian hands is for sporting purposes." This view is antithetical to legislation enacted in Colorado and other states which makes explicit the common-law right to use deadly force against violent home invaders. Thus, the antigun lobbies push for laws like Canada's, which effectively abolishes home defense. In Canada, "safe storage" laws require that guns be stored unloaded or locked up, thus making them difficult to deploy in a sudden emergency. The antigun lobbies and their numerous media allies are also running a propaganda campaign against guns in the home—a campaign which tries to convince ordinary Americans that they are just as prone to criminal violence as are convicted felons and substance abusers. But as long as tens of millions of Americans continue to exercise their constitutional right to own a gun to protect their homes and families, then all Americans will continue to enjoy lower risks of assault and greater safety in their homes, thanks to the widespread community benefits of guns in the right hands.

David Kopel is the research director for the Independence Institute in Golden, Colorado. His most recent book is No More Wacos: What's Wrong With Federal Law Enforcement and How to Fix It *(Prometheus Books).*

HISTORY

Switzerland and Its Armed Citizenry

by Stephen P. Halbrook

Since the origins of the Swiss Confederation in 1291, it has been the duty of every male Swiss citizen to be armed and to serve in the militia. Today, that arm is an "assault rifle," which is issued to every Swiss male and which must be kept in the home. During Germany's Third Reich (1933-1945), that arm was a bolt-action repeating rifle, which was highly effective in the hands of Switzerland's many sharpshooters.

Americans of the wartime generation were familiar with the fact that brave and armed little Switzerland stood up to Hitler and made him blink. As a map of Europe in 1942 shows, the Nazis had swallowed up most of everything on the continent but this tiny speck that Hitler called "a pimple on the face of Europe." The Führer boasted that he would be "the butcher of the Swiss," but the *Wehrmacht* was dissuaded by a fully armed populace in the Alpine terrain. As I point out in my forthcoming book, *Target Switzerland: Swiss Armed Neutrality in World War II*, Switzerland's history illustrates the will and ability of an armed citizenry to resist tyranny to the death.

The Swiss federal shooting festival, which remains the largest rifle competition in the world, was held in Luzern in June 1939. Hitler's takeover of Austria and Czechoslovakia was complete; both countries had been surrendered by tiny political elites who guaranteed that there would be no resistance. Swiss President Philipp Etter spoke at the festival, stressing that something far more serious than sport was the purpose of their activity. His comments demonstrated the connection between national defense and the armed citizen:

> There is probably no other country that, like Switzerland, gives the soldier his weapon to keep in the home. The Swiss always has his rifle at hand. It belongs to the furnishings of his home. . . . That corresponds to ancient Swiss tradition. As the citizen with his sword steps into the ring in the cantons which have the *Landsgemeinde*, so the Swiss soldier lives in constant companionship with his rifle. He knows what that means. With this rifle, he is liable every hour, if the country calls, to defend his hearth, his home, his family, his birthplace. The weapon is to him a pledge and sign of honor and freedom. The Swiss does not part with his rifle.

On September 1, 1939, Hitler launched World War II by attacking Poland. Within a day or two, Switzerland had about half a million militiamen mobilized out of a population of just over four million. General Henri Guisan, commander in chief of the Swiss militia, responded with Operations Order No. 2:

> At the border and between the border and army position, the border troops and advance guard persistently delay the advance of the enemy. The garrisons at the border and between the border and the works and positions making up the defensive front continue resistance up to the last cartridge, even if they find themselves completely alone.

This astonishing order was the opposite of the policies of the other European countries, which either surrendered to Hitler without a fight or surrendered after a brief resistance. For example, in April 1940, Denmark's king surrendered the country after a meeting with the Nazis and instructed his forces not to resist. Norway resisted, although—unlike Switzerland—it had no armed populace and was ill prepared for combat.

In response to the invasions of small neutral countries, Switzerland issued its "directions concerning the conduct of the soldiers not under arms in event of attack." Intended as a warning to Germany, it was pasted on walls all over the country. It prescribed the reaction against surprise attack and against the fifth column as follows:

> All soldiers and those with them are to attack with ruthlessness parachutists, airborne infantry and saboteurs. Where no officers and noncommissioned officers are present, each soldier acts under exertion of all powers of his own initiative.

This command for the individual to act on his own initiative was an ancient Swiss tradition which reflected the political and military leadership's staunch confidence in the ordinary man. This command was possible, of course, only in a society where every man had his rifle at home.

Under no condition, the order continued, would any surrender be forthcoming, and any pretense of a surrender must be ignored:

> If by radio, leaflets or other media any information is transmitted doubting the will of the Federal Council or of the Army High Command to resist an attacker, this information must be regarded

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> as lies of enemy propaganda. Our country will resist aggression with all means in its power and to the bitter end.

Switzerland, in other words, possessed the most democratic system of national defense in Europe. The Nazis were well aware that invasion meant fighting on every inch of ground (much of it vertical), in every city and village, in every pasture and mountainside, right down to every man with a rifle. There would be no easy surrender made by a ruler, as elsewhere.

The Swiss policy of total resistance is further illustrated by the creation of the *Ortswehren* (local defense). It was based on the dictum that "only a total defense can oppose total war." By allowing boys and old men to be sworn in as members of the armed forces and issuing them an armband, it permitted the entire male population to fight and still be recognized as soldiers under international law. Armed civilians not so recognized would, if captured, be treated as *Franktireure* (lone snipers) and shot on the spot. *Ortswehr* members armed themselves either with their own rifles or with rifles received from the military.

The *Ortswehren* consisted of former soldiers no longer required to serve, the *Jungschützen* (young shooters), accurate marksmen who were not capable of military service, those with emergency service duties and others who had been exempt from the military, and women in the medical service and fire brigades. By 1941, its membership totaled 127,563, one-fifth of the size of the army. Had the Germans invaded, the *Ortswehren* would have provided armed civilian resistance in every locality of Switzerland, no matter how populous or remote.

In May 1940, the Nazis attacked Belgium and the Netherlands. After a few days of fighting, political leaders surrendered, ordering the soldiers to lay down their arms and discontinue resistance. There was no civilian resistance, thanks in part to preexisting firearms prohibitions in those countries.

Within days, the *Wehrmacht* routed the French at Sedan and were expected to attack Switzerland. General Guisan issued yet another remarkable command to the militia. The latest war news, he declared, demonstrated that the French soldiers could have stopped hostile advances. Instead, defections allowed the enemy to penetrate through gaps, which quickly widened. In contrast, Guisan recalled the high duty of the soldier to resist:

> Everywhere, where the order is to hold, it is the duty of conscience of each fighter, even if he depends on himself alone, to fight at his assigned position. The riflemen, if overtaken or surrounded, fight in their position until no more ammunition exists. Then cold steel is next. . . . The machine gunners, the cannoneers of heavy weapons, the artillerymen, if in the bunker or on the field, do not abandon or destroy their weapons, or allow the enemy to seize them. Then the crews fight further like riflemen. As long as a man has another cartridge or hand weapons to use, he does not yield.

Cold steel. Never surrender if any weapon is available. This was the tradition of the fierce medieval Swiss soldiers who defeated many times their numbers and spread terror in the hearts of their enemies. What would have been the fate of Europe had the countries that fell to Hitler embraced such a warrior code?

France collapsed in June 1940 after only a few weeks of fighting. Paris was taken without a shot being fired. The Nazis promptly proclaimed the death penalty for possession of firearms in France and other occupied countries.

Hitler was able to conquer much of Europe by bluffing central authorities into capitulation. In some cases, after a few meetings and threats, Nazi henchmen convinced the political leaders of an entire nation to surrender and to direct the armed forces not to resist. In other cases, the surrender would come after a brief fight, for which the armies were unprepared. There was no need to order the people not to resist, because they were unarmed.

In contrast, Switzerland hardly had a central government, and it had a militia instead of a standing army. Power was decentralized. The first unit of power was the individual and the family, with its household and its rifle. Then came the village or city, then the canton, and finally the federal parliament. It was power from the bottom up.

A 1940 *Newsweek* article characterized Switzerland as the world's oldest and purest democracy where, in three cantons, government was still conducted by a show of hands in public squares at the *Landsgemeinden*. The militia had no officer higher than a colonel in peacetime. "Even when there is no European war on, every member of this militia army of some 500,000 keeps his gun, ammunition, and equipment at home—making the Swiss Government the only one in Europe which trusts such a large proportion of citizens with arms."

What this meant to the Nazis was that they would have to conquer Switzerland right down to the last man. And many of these men would be sniping—from steep, hidden Alpine positions—at German troops with rifles which were accurate at long ranges. There would be no surrender.

The April 1944 issue of *American Mercury* included an intriguing article by Edward Byng entitled "If Switzerland is Invaded." In that event, warned Byng, demolition would begin in seconds: "Terrific explosions [would] rend the air all along the Swiss frontiers, as if hundreds of avalanches were thundering down the mountain slopes of the land." All bridges over the Rhine would collapse, and mines would await invaders who tried to cross by rafts or amphibious tanks. The Simplon and the St. Gotthard tunnels would be destroyed. Roads, railways, bridges, power stations, and air fields would be blown up. Camouflaged tank traps and electrified barbed-wire fences would stop many panzers and infantry.

Both World War I and Hitler's blitzkrieg attacks demonstrated to the Swiss General Staff the need for a lightning mobilization. If the order were broadcast, every soldier on or off duty would grab his rifle and report to a nearby post. Byng continued:

> Switzerland has only a citizen mili-

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> tia. . . . It is the pride of the country that every citizen is allowed to keep his army rifle and ammunition in his house. So orderly and ethically advanced is the population of this model country that there is rarely a case where this officially sanctioned and encouraged custom leads to violence. With her main inaccessible mountains, her passionately liberty-loving population famed for marksmanship, Switzerland is a classic background for guerrilla warfare.

The Alps were "honeycombed with bomb and gas-proof shelters, . . . pillboxes and perfectly concealed nests for snipers, advance machine gun and flame-thrower units." Just as they had done at Morgarten in 1315, when they launched boulders down the mountainsides to crush the Austrian invaders, the Swiss could create landslides and avalanches that no infantry or armored divisions could survive. "The world's model democracy, Switzerland, is thus on the alert, in trigger readiness to teach the Nazis a costly lesson should desperation or arrogance tempt them to attack."

There was no holocaust on Swiss soil. Swiss Jews served in the militia side by side with their fellow citizens, and kept rifles in their homes just like everyone else. It is hard to believe that there could have been a holocaust had the Jews of Germany, Poland, and France had the same privilege. Indeed, just bare recognition of a right to keep arms would have saved lives. The heroic Warsaw ghetto uprising of 1943, after all, began when Jewish resisters acquired just ten handguns.

Swiss-bashing has become fashionable in the American media in the past two years, but Senator Alfonse D'Amato, who has done more than any to stir up the frenzy, just does not have the same credibility as Winston Churchill, who wrote in December 1944:

> I put this down for the record. Of all the neutrals Switzerland has the greatest right to distinction. She has been the sole international force linking the hideously sundered nations and ourselves. What does it matter whether she has been able to give us the commercial advantages we desire or has given too many to the Germans, to keep herself alive? She has been a democratic State, standing for freedom in self-defence among her mountains, and in thought, in spite of race, largely on our side.

Stephen P. Halbrook is an attorney in Fairfax, Virginia. His latest book, Target Switzerland: Swiss Armed Neutrality in World War II, *will be published this spring by Sarpedon.*

REGIONALISM

The Whiskey Boys and Their Fight

by Ralph R. Reiland

My grandfather spent most of his days underground, as a cutter in his cousin's coal mine in Imperial, Pennsylvania, outside Pittsburgh. At night, he would arrive home looking like he had been through an explosion. Outside the kitchen door, my grandmother kept a large metal tub full of water to soak the coal dust off his clothes.

Most nights he would open a quart of light pink wine after dinner and shoot the breeze with his buddies, at the kitchen table in the winter and outside on rockers the rest of the year, and then fall asleep in his clothes. The wine came from his two dozen or so cherry trees. My grandmother's job was seven kids and a constant supply of cherry pies. In the coal cellar, rows of wooden shelves were lined with her Mason jars of cherries, peaches, beans, cucumbers, tomatoes, and rabbits. The rabbits, skinned and headless, floated in vinegar and spices. Green pears ripened on a shelf, individually wrapped in newspaper. A five-gallon stone crock of shredded cabbage stood in the corner, fermenting into sauerkraut. There was no refrigerator.

My grandfather died in 1951 in the same small white frame house where he was born in 1886, a house that his father had built in 1884. I was in fourth grade when he died. He and my grandmother lived downstairs in two rooms, my parents and I upstairs. In what is now Whitehall, an upscale Pittsburgh suburb, the house sits on an acre that my great-grandfather bought in 1883 for $250.

Along with the cherry trees, that acre was home to a pig or two, a lamb, some chickens, a couple of rabbit dogs, and, under a pear tree, a sturdy two-hole outhouse. "Their toilet's inside and they eat outside," I remember my grandfather saying, remarking on the peculiar practices of some of our newer neighbors.

He never had a car, or much of a road. The front street was dirt or mud in the summer and covered with ashes in the winter. Each morning after breakfast (usually sauerkraut), he would toss ashes from the coal furnace onto the street. There was no gas furnace or salt truck.

The street was eventually paved when one of our neighbors called the mayor after a rainstorm and told him that a house full of kids was aflame. The firetruck, unable to make it through the mud, convinced the local council to appropriate funds for some asphalt.

Those harsh times, impoverished by today's standards, fostered a certain autonomy and self-sufficiency—and vulnerability. Supermarkets didn't supply the lamb chops, the news didn't come from Peter Jennings, and the wine didn't come from a liquor store. In its self-reliant daily grind for essentials, it was an existence not altogether dissimilar from the toil and obstacles faced by small farmers and laborers in western Pennsylvania a century earlier.

Hard times, exhausting work, and homemade spirits were fundamental components of life at the close of the 18th century in Pittsburgh. "In Washington County, there were about 500 stills by 1790, one for every ten families," writes Thomas P. Slaughter of Rutgers in *The Whiskey Rebellion*. "The desire to fill local needs and discover a profitable commodity for inter-regional exchange led farmers to distill their grains into whiskey."

Slaughter tells the story of how a federal excise on domestic spirits ignited an armed insurrection in 1794 by 7,000 settlers in western Pennsylvania, the first large-scale resistance to a federal law. "Independent of habit," declared anti-excise petitioners in Westmoreland County at the time, "we find the moderate use of spirits is essentially necessary in several branches of agriculture." For one thing, whiskey, a principal medium of exchange in the undeveloped barter

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economy of the region, was utilized to secure an adequate supply of agricultural laborers. Independent frontiersmen migrated to western Pennsylvania seeking land and prosperity, and for many, to escape the grip of laws and Eastern values. Mountains and self-determination separated them from the wealth, army, and culture of the Eastern elites and central government.

Unfortunately, a profound disparity existed between their inflated expectations of liberty and fortune and the harsh realities of frontier life. The best land around Pittsburgh was owned by Eastern speculators. "Croppers," laborers who farmed the land of others and paid their rent in crops, made up one-fourth of the population. Housing was typically a small dirt-floored cabin, the economy was in decline, and the settlers learned to expect nothing of value from the state or national government. Despite promises from Eastern politicians, the inhabitants of the region lacked protection from Indians, the Spanish still frustrated navigation on the Mississippi, and the lack of roads limited access to markets.

On March 22, 1791, Abraham Russ and his family were preparing for dinner at their cabin on the banks of the Allegheny River, 20 miles from Pittsburgh. Seven Indians arrived and requested to eat with them. After the Indians finished their meal, they scalped their hosts, killing one woman, four men, and six children, and then set fire to the cabin. "Almost everyone knew someone who had lost a wife to the Indians, or a child to a panther or bear," reports Slaughter. "Widows could attest to the rage of the Monongahela at floodtide."

Cosmopolitan Eastern visitors characterized Pittsburgh as "a parcel of abandoned wretches," its inhabitants as "the scum of nature," living like "so many pigs in a sty." David McClure described undomesticated masses who considered themselves "beyond the arm of government and freed from the restraining influence of religion."

"Female seduction was frequent, quarreling and fighting decidedly customary, drunkenness almost universal," observed William Winans in *Recollections of Boyhood Years in Southwestern Pennsylvania, 1788-1804*. On Sunday, religiously, said Winans, men met not for church but to "drink, to settle their differences and to try their manhood in personal conflict." With "very few exceptions," Pittsburgh's populace was "about as wicked as fallen human beings can be on this side of utter perdition."

"Presbyterian ministers were afraid to come to the place," observed John Wilkins in 1783. "All sorts of wickedness was carried on to excess and there was no appearance of morality or regular order." Others noted with horror the amount of whiskey consumed per capita and the number of one-eyed men, victims of eye-gouging. To most visitors and many residents, reports Slaughter, the "dominant traits of life" in western Pennsylvania were a combination of "irreligiosity, immorality and dirtiness."

In this rebellious and godforsaken milieu, a federal tax on homemade spirits provoked the largest armed resistance to an American law between the ratification of the Constitution and the Civil War. By taxing the output of subsistence farmers, rather than land, the "moneyed-men" of the Eastern elite—absentee land owners, international merchants, and security speculators—imposed an unjust and regressive tax that threatened the liberty and economy of the frontier. The enemies of freedom, they declared, were a remote Eastern elite who "make fortunes by the fortuitous concurrence of circumstances, rather than by economic, virtuous and useful employment."

The Whiskey Rebellion began on July 16, 1794, as hundreds of armed men marched to the first large estate in the Pittsburgh region, Bower Hill, the home of John Neville, regional supervisor for collection of the excise. Following a two-day battle and several deaths, the mob torched Neville's house, slave-quarters, and outbuildings.

In Pittsburgh, a lone horseman, waving a tomahawk, rode through the streets chanting his warning: "It is not the excise law only that must go down. The government's high offices and salaries must go down. A great deal more is to be done. I am but beginning." Rural hordes plotted the destruction of the city, called "Sodom" by the rebels. "It was an expression that Sodom had been burnt by fire from heaven," explained Hugh Brackenridge, a leader of the anti-excise rebellion, "and that this second Sodom should be burned with fire from earth."

In a call to arms against Pittsburgh and its garrison, 7,000 armed rebels met at Braddock's Field on August 1 and raised a six-striped flag, representing four Pennsylvania counties and two counties in Virginia. Speakers called for a civil war, military alliances with Spain and Great Britain, and an independent Westsylvania.

The next day, President Washington called an emergency cabinet meeting. Portraying western Pennsylvania as exceptionally recalcitrant to taxation, Treasury Secretary Alexander Hamilton advocated an armed response to vanquish the region's "general spirit of opposition." Two days later, Washington secured an official confirmation from Supreme Court Justice James Wilson that a state of rebellion existed. The anti-excise uprising had expanded to eight western Pennsylvania counties—Allegheny, Washington, Westmoreland, Fayette, Bedford, Cumberland, North Cumberland, and Franklin.

To crush the insurgence, the President nationalized 13,000 militiamen from Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania in late September and dispatched them to western Pennsylvania. The first casualty was a young boy in Myerstown, not complicit in the protests, who was rounded up in a mass search for suspects who had erected "liberty poles." A physical debility kept the boy from standing as directed by his captors. He died from a gunshot wound to his groin. Two days later, the army killed a drunken man during a struggle at a tavern in Myerstown. Stabbed by a bayonet, the man uttered "Success to the whiskey boys" as his last words.

On October 4, President Washington arrived in Carlisle, outside Pittsburgh, a week after citizens had declared at a town meeting that the rebellion was over. The President, pronouncing that the time for "overtures of forgiveness" had ended, demanded "unequivocal proofs of absolute submission."

After months of rampaging the Pennsylvania countryside in search of antitax rebels and traitors, the army accumulated 20 obscure characters for transport to Philadelphia, to be tried for treason. "Liberty poles" sprouted up each night along the army's route.

Wearing "the appearance of wretchedness," the Pittsburgh captives arrived in Philadelphia on Christmas day. A victorious army paraded its prisoners down Broad Street to the roar of immense crowds and the blast of artillery. The bells of Christ Church rang, ships displayed their colors in the harbor, and a band played as the procession and "rebels" passed by the President's house.

For a variety of reasons, juries freed all but two of the defendants. John

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Mitchell, the owner of a small farm, and Philip "Wigle" Vigol were convicted of treason. Months later, President Washington pardoned both, while around Pittsburgh, Slaughter observes, "over 2,000 of the most disaffected frontiersmen migrated farther into the continent's interior, thereby ensuring for themselves at least a temporary escape from the ever-lengthening arm and increasingly strong grip of the central government."

Had he been living in those years, it is my bet that my grandfather, given his self-reliance, grit, and steely resolve to do things his own way, would have been out front in that migration.

Ralph R. Reiland is an associate professor of economics at Robert Morris College in Pittsburgh.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Commies in D.C.—Again

by Lawrence B. Sulc

Did Asian operatives, some of them connected with the People's Republic of China, influence the White House, the Department of Commerce, and other offices of the executive branch? This is one of the questions of the day concerning the Clinton administration.

The Senate Committee on Government Affairs has said that it "believes that high-level Chinese government officials crafted a plan to increase China's influence over the U.S. political process. . . . Our investigation suggests the plan continues today. . . . Importantly, the FBI told the White House about the Chinese plan in June 1996, when two FBI agents briefed two representatives of the National Security Council . . . the FBI placed no limitation on sharing the information, much of which the White House had independent access to through other means." The Democratic minority of the committee agrees with at least the first part of this statement.

As grave as these developments are for the nation's security, it is both interesting and instructive to recall that communist penetration of the White House and other government entities has an earlier counterpart—a half-century ago. The outline of earlier penetration operations has been apparent to interested observers for many years, but fuller details are now emerging. It was clear enough at the time, but now it is even more conclusive and specific: Soviet intelligence penetrated the Washington administration of President Franklin Roosevelt, using as agents high-level officials in the White House as well as in executive departments. The information obtained, and the influence exerted, benefited the Soviets immensely in the ensuing Cold War, and the cost to the West in wealth and human resources was tremendous.

During the 1930's, numerous American communists acquired jobs in the administration, some of them rising to high positions. A number of these New Dealers were communists working under the direction of Soviet intelligence, often in double capacities as both collectors of intelligence and agents of influence. As Whittaker Chambers, himself a former Soviet agent, explained to his erstwhile employer, Henry Luce of *Time* magazine, being a communist and a Soviet intelligence agent were the same thing. As more recent events show, however, communist ideology is not a requirement for being a communist intelligence agent. Ideology may be useful, but money can be a better motivator. Intelligence agents for communist countries today are often convinced capitalists, their services bought with cash or the promise of future profits. Some of the Asian operatives working in Washington today undoubtedly fit this category. The late Armand Hammer was both an American capitalist and a Soviet sympathizer. In fact, he was an American capitalist for the Soviet Union.

Today's counterintelligence officials (and outside scholars) are uncovering many details of communist penetrations of the White House in the 1930's and 40's. They have received help from several sources: recent access to Soviet documents—particularly files of the Communist International (Comintern), opened for a time in the former Soviet Union—revelations of former Soviet intelligence officials, and the Venona papers.

Scholars, East and West, are now examining Venona, the treasure-trove of communications intelligence documents finally being freed up by the U.S. government. Venona is described by the National Counterintelligence Center (NACIC) as "enciphered Soviet telegrams from the 1940's that the U.S. and allied intelligence intercepted and decrypted over a 37-year period." "Venona was a turning point in the Cold War," NACIC explains. "It revealed the scope and magnitude of Soviet intelligence, especially operations directed at stealing the secrets of the atomic bomb. The decrypted messages, along with other information, opened the way for U.S. and allied counterintelligence to launch a counteroffensive against Soviet espionage."

Among other things, Venona provides information on a number of high-level Soviet intelligence agents who operated in the United States. Such information, obviously known to insiders in the government and helpful to them in directing the counteroffensive against the Soviets, now is available to everyone. For the public, Venona provides closure, in an intelligence sense, to a number of important cases, including the one involving Alger Hiss. From the time of Whittaker Chambers' accusations against him, Alger Hiss's guilt was never in doubt to objective observers. Nevertheless, it was denied for decades by his supporters, including much of the American media. Upon his death in 1996, many American news sources continued to express doubt about Hiss's guilt. Venona, however, makes it clear that Hiss was indeed a high-level agent of the Soviets—one of the highest, both in espionage and in active measures. The Alger Hiss case is now closed.

Venona provides insights into the case of another Soviet agent of the time, Laughlin Currie, an important advisor in the Roosevelt White House. Nominally special economic advisor to the President, Currie was entrusted with a number of important special tasks for the President—and, of course, for Soviet intelligence. Currie later denied charges of espionage and left the country. It is communist intelligence doctrine that an agent never admit to espionage.

The case of Oleg Gordievsky, for ten years an agent of British intelligence in the Soviet KGB station in London, is particularly revealing. According to Gordievsky, Iskhak A. Akhmerov, the Soviet intelligence case officer for many of

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the most productive operations in the United States, told a group of high-ranking KGB officers in Moscow that as important as Alger Hiss was to the Soviet Union, another Soviet agent in the American administration—within the White House, no less—was even more important. That agent was Harry Hopkins, top advisor to and confidant of Roosevelt, and widely called "the assistant President" in the United States at the time.

Harry Hopkins represented the President on numerous important foreign missions and actually lived in the White House for a time, so close was he to the President. Such a figure would be the jewel in the crown of any intelligence service. Interestingly, some of Hopkins' questionable activities were revealed after the war by Lieutenant General Leslie Groves, former head of the "Manhattan Project," the wartime atomic bomb effort, and by Major George Racey Jordan, Army Air Corps, who had been liaison officer to the Soviets at an American air base from which much Lend-Lease material was shipped to the Soviet Union. According to Groves, Hopkins, as head of Lend-Lease, had actually sent uranium (highly classified at the time) to the Soviets. Major Jordan confirmed this. We now have the shipping document to prove it. The Soviets, when the espionage took place, were not even supposed to know of our atomic development, much less receive American uranium for their own atomic bomb program. It is no wonder the Soviets considered Hopkins a more important agent than even Hiss.

The question of improper Chinese influence in Washington today, particularly in the White House, is justly disturbing. But just as disturbing are the constitutional problems highlighted by this scandal. According to Senator Arlen Specter (R-PA), chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, "Attorney General Janet Reno testified . . . before the Senate Judiciary Committee that the FBI had withheld national security information from the President because he is a potential subject in a pending investigation. That revelation has critical implications for our constitutional government."

Governments exert influence on other governments all the time. The essential question is how they go about it. There are degrees of impropriety, after all. In the Chinese influence case, much depends on what, if any, laws were broken and who broke them. The most culpable will probably turn out to be the Americans who translated Chinese influence into American policy, if that is what happened.

There are probably not dedicated, communist agents in high places in Washington like there were in the 1930's and 40's. Errant administration officials today are more likely bedeviled by poor ethics than motivated by treason and treachery, too obsessed with reelection concerns and short-term political advantage. If, however, the investigations drag on and obstruction continues, the question will arise: Has America been betrayed as it was half a century ago? Is this, in the immortal words of Yogi Berra, "Déjà vu, all over again"?

Lawrence B. Sulc was a C.I.A. operations officer for 23 years.

POLITICS

The Yugoslav God That Failed

by Alex N. Dragnich

The fate of one family rarely matters except to those directly involved. Yet family histories—often tragedies—can sometimes tell us a great deal about a nation's social fabric. One such story involves my aunt, Vida Knezevich Kontich—my mother's older sister—and her family. Their fate was never far from mind during my diplomatic assignment with the American Embassy in Yugoslavia and many years of teaching and writing about communist systems.

I met the Kontiches when I first visited Yugoslavia in the summer of 1939, while I was a graduate student at the University of California at Berkeley. Aunt Vida, garbed in black, was widowed; her husband had been killed during World War I. They lived in poverty after the war in their native Montenegro. When Vida learned that Yugoslavia's monarch, King Alexander I Karadjordjevich, would be visiting the capital, Cetinje, she traveled to see him. Alexander walked among those present, and shook hands with Vida and asked her how she was. When she told him that her husband had been killed in the war and that she needed help with her four small children, he promised her a pension, which she soon received. I never did learn when or why she moved to Belgrade, but it was a move that provided some education and progress for her children.

The 1939 visit was largely social, although I detected a critical attitude toward the government of Prince Regent Paul, Alexander's first cousin. Paul became first regent after Alexander was assassinated during a state visit to France in 1934. The assassination was plotted by Croatian extremists, followers of Ustashi leader Ante Pavelic, then living in self-imposed exile in Mussolini's Italy. The Kontiches seemed to have some reverential feeling toward the departed monarch, but none toward Paul and his wife, Olga, whom they accused of wanting to become king and queen.

My cousins and I went to local cafés several times, where we smoked and drank beer and Serbian coffees. My relatives were not rich, but they seemed of moderate means. They appeared to enjoy our visit, but what they did not tell me—what I was to learn only after World War II—was that they were members of the outlawed Yugoslav Communist Party. I never knew whether Aunt Vida was actually a member, but her sons and daughter were.

Cousin Danica and I exchanged a few letters before Hitler and Mussolini destroyed the first Yugoslavia in April 1941. There were no contacts with my relatives during the war years. Then in 1947, shortly before I was to leave for Belgrade as cultural attaché in the American Embassy, I received a letter from Danica. It was full of praise for Tito's communist regime. Among other things, she said that the only place outside Yugoslavia that she might like to visit was the Soviet Union, "the first workers' state."

My wife, Adele, and our three small children arrived in Belgrade in November. Judging by the shortages and the rationing of food, we were sure that the Kontiches could use some help. They did not have a phone, but we had an address. One evening my wife and I took some sacks of food items and had an embassy car drop us at the Kontich address, with a request that the driver call for us in an hour.

Their apartment was near the Belgrade railway station, a poor section of the city. After walking up four flights of

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stairs with our packages—there was no elevator—we found Aunt Vida, along with her youngest son and wife and small child, as well as Danica. Danica's husband, Andrija, a riverboat captain, was away. It was winter, and the apartment was cold because of heating fuel shortages. In all, the atmosphere was a far cry from the society that Danica had praised in her letter.

After some brief greetings, Aunt Vida said, "Alex, I am glad to see you, but I am not happy that you have come to work in the American Embassy." At that time, relations between our countries could not have been worse. In the previous year, the Yugoslavs had shot down two American military planes that had strayed over Yugoslav territory on their way from Austria to Italy—by mistake or design, I do not know. In any case, tension between our countries had led to a confrontation with my own relatives.

With scarcely time for anyone to say anything in that tense atmosphere, Vida poured out her sad tale of how Mihailovic's Chetniks had murdered her other two sons. Shortly, the embassy car came and we parted in an extremely strained atmosphere, though they thanked us for the food items we had brought.

After the break between Belgrade and Moscow in 1948, I felt I could once again visit my aunt. Somehow we had found out that Danica's two young children (whose legs were bowed, an obvious case of rickets due to a vitamin D deficiency), needed cod-liver oil, which we ordered from the United States and subsequently delivered to her. Years later she was to tell us that we had saved her children's lives.

Those were tense times. The Yugoslav authorities had asked the United States to close down its USIS (United States Information Service) activities following the controversy over the downed American planes. Subsequently, when they agreed that we could reopen the USIS library and exhibit room, they insisted that we refrain from activities that would be critical of Yugoslavia or its socialist system.

My instructions from Ambassador Cavendish Cannon were that we should be careful not to give the Yugoslavs a pretext for closing down our operations again. This meant that we could not display copies of *Time* or *Newsweek*, which had anti-Yugoslav or anti-Soviet pieces in nearly every issue. Other current magazines also had to be looked at carefully, and sometimes I found "offending" items in unlikely places. One day, I picked up a copy of *Chemical Engineering*, and there in an international supplement was a piece sharply critical of the Soviets. One of our library staffers suggested we simply rip out those pages. I decided that I was not going to censor an American publication; either the issue was to be displayed intact or not at all. The ambassador agreed.

But back to Vida. In an effort to learn more about her and her family, I turned to Jovo Jovanovich, a Serb from Montenegro whom I met soon after my arrival. Jovanovich was secretary of the Press Club, by then defunct. A burly, partially bald man (although not yet 40), he told me that he was employed by Putnik, the official government travel agency. I later learned that one of Jovo's assignments was to keep tabs on me and my activities.

Not long after, I visited him in his Putnik office to complain about Yugoslav citizens being picked up and held for questioning after they had visited the USIS library (particularly those who had attended recorded music concerts there). He pleaded ignorance, but I used the occasion to ask him if he knew a Montenegrin Serb family by the name of Kontich. He did.

I told Jovo of my Aunt Vida's mourning over the death of her two sons, killed by the Chetniks. To my great surprise, he said that they were not killed by Chetniks but by their own Partisan comrades, who accused them of misappropriation of funds.

I was eager to confront Aunt Vida with this new information, and sometime after the Tito-Stalin break I visited her and told her what I had found out. Understandably, her grief was as real as ever, but she quickly pointed to a framed letter from Tito that was hanging on the wall, in which he offered sympathy and regrets and said that the boys had been innocent and wrongly executed.

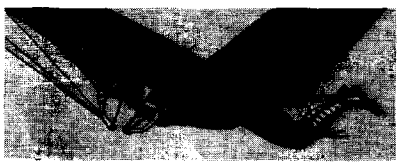
After I learned that one of Jovo's jobs was to spy on me, we invited him to a family picnic and to our house. He seemed uneasy, but accepted. When the Stalin-Tito break came, he provided some interesting insights. In his one and only visit to my office, he shocked me by asserting that he thought that Stalin was right. I accused him of trying to provoke me, that I knew that he was a loyal Titoist, that he had always told us that "Tito and the Party are the same thing." He said that his statement was true, adding, "and therein lies the tragedy." Before long he was arrested, along with other Cominformists, and sent to the infamous prison on "Naked Island" in the Adriatic.

In May 1950, we returned to the United States; I had accepted a teaching position at Vanderbilt University. My immediate boss in the embassy, R. Borden Reams, had tried unsuccessfully to get me to make a career in the foreign service, but my wife and I wanted to see our three children grow up in an American community, just as we had done.

In the summer of 1952, I returned to Belgrade to complete research on my first book, during which time I saw my aunt and family. My book, *Tito's Promised Land: Yugoslavia* (1954), was sharply critical of the communist regime. After that there was no returning to Yugoslavia. The result was a huge hiatus in my contacts, not only with my family but also with others. I did not want anyone to suffer as a result of their ties to me.

By the mid-60's, some of my friends got word to me that a visit to Yugoslavia would now be virtually risk-free. In the summer of 1966, my wife and I picked up a Volkswagen in Germany and drove to Belgrade. I was working on a book on the development of parliamentary gov-

M O V I N G ?



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ernment in Serbia in the precommunist period, so the regime did not need to be concerned about my activities. But they did keep tabs, by (among other things) installing listening devices in the room radio and the telephone. My visits to relatives were mainly perfunctory; there was not much of interest in the things that they had to say.

By the time we returned to Yugoslavia in the summer of 1971, however, things were different. Aunt Vida had died, and Danica and her family had moved into a better apartment in the center of town. Her two children, a boy and girl, were teenagers. Adele and I decided that we should take the girl, Slobodanka, to a department store and buy her a new outfit. She was delighted, and we were pleased. In terms of American dollars, it was not an expensive spree. Danica was elated, but lamented that we had been overly generous.

Over the next few years, I returned a number of times to carry on my research. Danica now talked at length about her great disappointments with the communist system. She had become a member of the illegal Communist Party at age 18, influenced no doubt by the actions of her older brothers. During the civil war between the Chetniks and the communist-led Partisans that raged in 1943-45, she smuggled food and other items to the Partisans. That risky action, which would have meant death if caught, was motivated by family as well as politics, her two brothers being in the Partisan ranks. She told me how she had joined the Anti-Fascist Women; as a city dweller she rolled up her sleeves and plunged into the grimy task of harvesting potatoes. "I wanted everyone to work," she said, "so that all of us could live better." But early on, she observed that the wives of the more influential party members did not want to dirty their hands. A "new class" of rulers was forming, as Milovan Djilas, a onetime Tito collaborator, described in a book with that title. It was published abroad in 1957, and led to a ten-year prison term for the author.

Since Danica's family was from Montenegro, I asked her and her husband if they had read their countryman's book. In hushed and subdued tones, they told me that they had; but on finishing it, they had burned it in their heating stove. It must have been a Serb edition that had been smuggled into the country, because neither one of them knew English.

Increasingly, Danica seemed eager to talk about the communist system. While cautioning me about whom I should be seen with or whom I should try to see, Danica's criticisms became bolder. On one occasion, she said: "See, Alex, communism is no good." Her criticisms centered on various failures of the regime, but the privileges enjoyed by the ruling class are what peeved her the most. She did not use theory to explain what had happened. It was simply greed.

Djilas noted in *The New Class* how party members who, during the revolution, had been willing to give their all for the cause, even life itself, had—once in power—become "characterless wretches" in pursuit of material things. I once asked him how he explained such behavior. He gave me an un-Marxian answer: "human nature."

Of all my conversations with Danica, the most memorable occurred amid a moment of sorrow and resignation. "Alex," she declared, "disillusionment is a terrible disease . . . " The sentence trailed off, her ultimate parting with the "God That Failed."

Alex N. Dragnich is a retired professor of political science.

MUSIC

Merle Haggard and the Culture War

by Clark Stooksbury

Hank Williams died on New Year's Day, 1953. He was not yet 30 when he passed away in the back of a Cadillac. The circumstances of his life and death created the legendary aura that surrounds Williams and virtually guaranteed that he would be the subject of many songs as well as a writer and singer of them.

On the sixth anniversary of Williams' death, another country legend was born at San Quentin State Prison in California. Merle Haggard actually entered the world in 1937, but the course of his life was altered on the first day of 1959 when he attended a Johnny Cash performance at the prison. The show reinvigorated a desire to play and sing country music that was present at least from age 16 when he mounted the stage during a Lefty Frizzell show, at Frizzell's request, and sang a few songs.

The sort of experience that is good for a country music career is bad for a successful life, and Haggard lived with a lot of pain in his early years. His father died when he was nine. As a 14-year-old, he served his first time in jail, on suspicion of armed robbery. He spent a lot of time in reform school and jail over the next few years before the crowning moment in his brief criminal career. At the age of 20, about to be a father for the second time, Merle Haggard engaged in a pitiful act of drunken fecklessness. He and an accomplice, under the influence of red wine, attempted to burglarize a highway restaurant at three o'clock in the morning. But red wine can play tricks on the eyes: it was actually ten in the evening and the diner was still filled with customers and employees. Haggard's next stop was San Quentin.

Merle Haggard's singing career has been forged by several factors. He was born in Oildale, California, in 1937, to parents who had participated in the great migration of Okies escaping the Dust Bowl. The California of his youth was filled with refugees from the Southwest, and like those Southerners who migrated to Chicago and "Detroit City," they did not abandon their roots when they moved. Bakersfield had a vibrant country music scene in the 1950's and 60's, featuring artists like Buck Owens, Ferlin Husky, and Tommy Collins, who wrote many songs for Haggard. Haggard would pay tribute to Collins years later with "Leonard," a short biographical sketch titled after Collins' real name, Leonard Sipes: "He laid it all aside to follow Jesus / for years he chose to let his music go / But preachin' wasn't really meant for Leonard / But how in the hell was Leonard supposed to know?"

To commemorate Haggard's career, a four-disc boxed set, *Down Every Road*, was released in 1996. The chronologically arranged set is filled with evidence of Haggard's greatness and importance as a country singer. It begins with his first single, "Skid Row" (1962), and concludes with "In My Next Life" (1994). Merle Haggard is a multifaceted songwriter and storyteller, and *Down Every Road* reflects many facets of his talent. Haggard drew on his experience as a prisoner several times early in his career with

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recordings like "Branded Man," "Sing Me Back Home," and "Mama Tried." These songs convey empathy for the ex-convict who is "branded with a number on my name," or for the condemned man led "down the hallway to his doom," without attempting to absolve him of his ultimate responsibility for his acts: "Mama tried to raise me better, but her pleading I denied / That leaves only me to blame 'cause Mama tried."

Haggard has referred to his musical style as "country jazz," and it can indeed sometimes sound more jazz than country. His bluesy renditions of "Loneliness is Eating Me Alive" and "Trouble In Mind" have more in common with the sounds of black performers like Charles Brown or T-Bone Walker than with George Jones. But he respects traditional country sounds. His music is strong on traditional elements like the fiddle and steel guitar. Even when the fiddles melt into "strings" on Haggard's versions of "Carolyn" and "Misery and Gin," the country flavor is maintained largely on the strength of Haggard's voice and the subject matter (cheatin' and drinkin').

The signature song of Haggard's career is the 1969 classic, "Okie From Muskogee." Its inflammatory lyrics provoked a controversy and a lingering debate over how seriously its message was intended to be taken. Lines such as "Leather boots are still in style for manly footwear" are difficult to hear today while maintaining a straight face, but it matters little if the song was recorded with tongue in cheek. It was not received that way, either by rednecks or hippies.

"Okie From Muskogee" is only one of Haggard's excursions into the Culture War featured on *Down Every Road*. "Workin' Man Blues," "Fightin' Side of Me," and "Are the Good Times Really Over (I Wish a Buck Was Still Silver)" are also included. In the last song, Haggard recalls his fond memories of the days "before microwave ovens, when a girl could still cook, and still would."

The apparent jingoism of songs like "Fightin' Side of Me" is probably what moved California Governor Ronald Reagan to grant Haggard a pardon in 1972. But the totality of his recorded work provides little succor to the band of Wilsonian universalists, subsidized moralists, and economic determinists who make up the respectable right. Virtue czar Bill Bennett would collapse with the vapors from Haggard lyrics about "bummin' round Chicago in the afternoon," or "Living With the Shades Pulled Down." Haggard's many songs about economic hardship, especially "If We Make It Through December," are not consistent with the banal supply-side optimism of the Republican Party or with the wonders of a global economy in which any corporation may move your job out of the country, leaving you to explain why "daddy can't afford no Christmas here." And Haggard's recent appearance on the cover of *Hemp Times*, where he vented his anger about our loss of constitutional rights and environmental destruction in the Southwest, will further complicate anyone's efforts to put him in a neat ideological box.

Fortunately, Merle Haggard did not become a p.r. flack for the Heritage Foundation or a syndicated columnist. He has devoted most of his material to time-honored themes of country music, including the widespread fantasy (at least among men) of dropping out and hitting the road, or simply, "ramblin'." It is not surprising that a man who wasted a good portion of his youth in jail and reform school devotes a number of songs to the theme of escape. It is occasionally compelled by the need to flee the law, as in his cover of "The Fugitive" and in the obscure "Huntsville." In the latter, Haggard narrates the chilling tale of a convict who is "bringin' in a load of time." He does not moralize about the crimes of the song's narrator. Instead, he tells the story of a man with nothing left to lose:

They got me chained in leg irons
I guess they got a good excuse
They know I'm gonna run the first chance I get
Cause they're never gonna set me loose.
And I really don't care if they shoot me down,
I'll never be free again
I got two long life terms to do
both running end on end
It ain't so far to Mexico that I can't find my way
They're takin' me down to Huntsville,
but I'm not gonna stay.

One of Haggard's strengths is his versatility as a songwriter. He has written brooding ballads about the lives of prisoners and hobos that are worthy of the lofty title "folk music," and he has drawn upon his personal experience to great effect. But his ability to give new life to familiar themes and images should not be overlooked. Probably a million country songs have prominently featured a jukebox, but in "Someone Told My Story" the narrator drops his dime only to hear *his* own story being told: "The writer . . . told of swingin' doors and a jukebox, and he even knew I almost lost my mind." In an added twist, the song on the jukebox—"Swinging Doors"—is also by Haggard. Likewise, there have been a multitude of songs about lost love, but in "I'm Looking for My Mind," the narrator is not worried about his broken heart. He tells his ex that "I lost my mind the day I lost your love / I'm not crazy but sometimes I wish I was / If you turn around and see me crawling close behind / It's not you I want, I'm looking for my mind."

Down Every Road could not have been released at a better time. Country music is in a time of crisis. More popular than ever, it is also becoming homogenized and losing its regional character. Country threatens to become the soundtrack of the global economy. This phenomenon, in fact, was the subject of an approving cover story in the *New Republic*, complete with quotations from insipid lyrics of angst-ridden suburbanites like Mary-Chapin Carpenter and Garth Brooks. While Haggard cut his teeth imitating Lefty Frizzell and recorded tribute albums to Jimmy Rodgers and Bob Wills, Garth Brooks owes more to the influence of Billy Joel. Although Brooks (unlike Haggard) actually hails from Oklahoma, the *New Republic* notes that the distinguishing feature of his Tulsa is that it is "the most demographically 'typical' city in America." Nobody could ever

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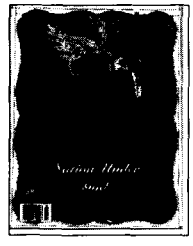
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say that about "Muskogee, Oklahoma, U.S.A."

Clark Stooksbury writes from Port Townsend, Washington.

MANNERS

Courtesy

by Joyce Bennett

She is a middle-aged grocery clerk, and I have seen her working at Food Lion on Sundays and holidays and late into the evening during the week. Standing at her register, she warmly greets her customers, but she could as easily be receiving tourists at an antebellum mansion on the James River or teaching Arthurian romance to gentlewomen at Sweet Briar. Although I know that she must be tired from the endless hours on her feet, she is always gracious to me as she scans my purchases, and I am inclined to compare her to the young woman, an employee at another store, who, a few weeks ago, wordlessly carted out my groceries. After tossing the plastic bags into the trunk of my car without glancing at me, she skulked away, round-shouldered and surly, leaving me standing there smiling stupidly with the dollar bill which was to have been her tip still in my hand. Unlike the sullen bagger, who feels justified in her rude behavior because of her minimum-wage employment, the Food Lion's grande dame, though destined to work in a discount supermarket, remains the very soul of gentility.

The ladylike cashier is a kindred spirit to Mr. Smith, a backyard mechanic who came to my rescue one snowy Saturday when my car broke down in front of his house. When I knocked on his door asking for help, he was tuning up a truck, but he dropped everything to lend me a hand in spite of the fact that he was scheduled to work the night shift at his regular job. He not only made two trips to town to obtain the right part for my car, but he had to interrupt his labors to make a third trip to pick up his wife and daughter, who were returning from a high school basketball game. While he fixed the car and traveled the slippery roads, I drank coffee and watched television with his son. When Mr. Smith had finished the repairs, I asked him what I owed him. Poor as a church mouse at the time, I felt relief and gratitude when I heard him reply that I could pay for the five-dollar part if I wished and if I had the money, but that otherwise I owed him nothing.

Mr. Smith and the grocery clerk, a black man and a white woman, belong to a small rainbow coalition of courteous, charitable people. Unlike those of us who subscribe to the apotheosis of self, they live in accordance with St. Paul's greatest virtue, and they know that courtesy is charity made manifest. Most people, excited by charity when it is demonstrated on a large scale or in a dramatic way, seem unaffected by small acts of kindness. And as time goes by, there are fewer and fewer of us capable of the garden variety of charity—fewer and fewer members of Mr. Smith's and the cashier's minority group. The more officially and officiously compassionate we become as a nation, the less caring we become as individuals. As we congratulate ourselves for perpetuating the old deal, we harden our hearts to those people we meet face to face on the street everyday. Liberals, attempting to brainwash wasteland literalists, link disagreement with their ideology as a sign of incivility on the part of conservatives. The media have convinced the American public—as if Americans really cared about or practiced civility—that we are tired of the fussing and fighting going on up there on the Hill and wish that those ill-bred Republican so-and-so's would just get down to nonpartisan business. While there are many causes for our bad manners, the primary cause is materialism, not right-wing political views.

The courteous among us, celebrating human potentiality over materialism, recognize that—as flawed as we are—each of us partakes of the divine perfection of God. But even the nonbeliever who is compelled to loathe others because he adjudges himself the center of the universe must admit that something unfathomable transcends the playing-out of his fantastic tricks, and he has only to consider the power of such phenomena as hurricanes or F-5 twisters to understand that the Immortal Hand that whips up whirlwinds is in charge, not us. Unlike those who are humbled by this higher power and who have the capacity to extend courtesy unconditionally to others because they honor the humanity in all they meet, the ill-mannered majority are courteous only when a display of good manners is convenient or expedient. General Robert E. Lee, a product of a culture which proscribed courtliness no matter the circumstances, seldom scolded his subordinates, and when he did, he couched his criticism in the mildest of terms. When Jeb Stuart and his cavalry reached Gettysburg on July 2 after the battle had commenced, historians tell us that Lee was restrained when he remarked upon the late arrival of the legendary raider. He was not even harsh with the man some say cost him a victory in Pennsylvania.

For charitable people, the expression of courtesy is not contingent upon changing fortunes, but today's high-tech cretin turns courtesy on and off like a faucet and is only civil when civility is profitable. Unable to grasp the distinction between aggressive behavior and standing up for oneself when necessary, the average person confuses rudeness with honesty, aggression with strength. Some of the strongest people I know are quiet and polite; some of the weakest are loud and uncouth. Women in particular misunderstand what it means to be strong. In an adolescent and misguided attempt to emulate those they view as oppressors, the women of the 90's believe that they have the right to be rude. Looking tough in their shoulder-padded suits and sporting cropped hair, they swagger and sneer as they look down their noses and speak in clipped precise mean-voice. Liberated girls exult in being called bitches and hope that, by acting like the bullies they think men are, they will prove that they are no longer victims and are in control. Women of this sort err when they assume that I will be cowed by their cold, hard words because I am from a long line of refined, biscuit-baking, childrearing women who were made out of something—women who were just as comfortable serving guests applesauce cake and coffee as they were wringing chicken necks or driving Massey Fergusons.

While rudeness in speech might be commonplace, the absence of courtesy is most evident on our highways, where angry apes in overdrive compete for supremacy. These road warriors, traveling at lethal speeds, are oblivious to other people and the natural world as they

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race from point A to point B. About a year or so ago, on the way to a conference, I was carpooling with another person. As we proceeded, she was driving 70 miles per hour only inches, it seemed to me, from the bumper of the car in front of us. We were surrounded by other leadfooted drivers also blithely tailgating. Several cars ahead of ours, I saw a deer trying to leap across the fast-moving traffic jam. I saw no sign of the doe as my coworker and I sped by the point where she had been bounding over the roadway. I mentioned the deer, but my companion had not noticed the animal so pitifully caught up in the rush-hour nightmare. My coworker and other self-absorbed drivers travel the highways and see nothing. Driving blindly, unthinkingly, and dangerously, they do not bother dimming the lights when they meet cars at night; they drive over double yellow lines; and, with suicidal glee, they recklessly pass other vehicles, often forcing oncoming traffic to take to the shoulder of the road to avoid head-on collisions.

Egocentrism and the abandonment of etiquette are transforming highways into war zones and eroding our thin veneer of civilization. Courtesy and its attendant rituals, viewed as quaint eccentricities today, keep a society glued together and Joseph Conrad's underlying darkness at bay. Most disturbing is the fact that we are failing to instill self-restraint and altruism in our children. They are growing up willy-nilly in households managed by self-actualized but ineffective parents. With undignified obsequiousness, the contemporary parent will stand while he gives his child the last seat in the room, permits his child to speak boldly and rudely to adults, and allows him to control every situation.

Somewhere between abusing children and bowing before them, there lies reason. Parents do not necessarily need to spank their children. They just need to provide them with boundaries to delineate proper behavior, and consequences to discourage unacceptable behavior, even if providing those boundaries and consequences is inopportune or messy. We are all born with the morals of tenth-century Scythian horsemen; our parents and other adults are supposed to civilize us. But our children are being raised by busy-busy parents who are distracted by other matters, and who find that excusing or ignoring barbaric behavior is easier than confronting it. And some parents will even interfere with the lessons to be learned from a Catholic education. I am acquainted with a teacher at a school in the archdiocese of Washington, D.C. She is pretty, polite, and fair, but she is also tough as nails when it comes to tolerating mischief. She and her fellow teachers must bear the brunt of parental rage with no support from above because her school's principal, observing all kinds of p.c. niceties, does not back them when they attempt to hold children accountable for their irresponsibility or disrespect.

It does not take a commune to raise good children, but if, even in private schools, they are not taught to control themselves and parents are too preoccupied to do their duty, what kind of future are we sowing? As I look ahead, I imagine myself old, feeble, in a nursing home, and completely at the mercy of one of our unholy progeny all grown up and working as a geriatric nurse or aide. I am unnerved by the thought of having to depend on a sociopath to provide for my basic human needs when I am incapacitated by age. Even now, nurses and aides and other medical people have little compassion. I recognize that they must contend with physicians who would be gods and rude and demanding patients and family members, and that they are overworked in hospitals that are top-heavy with aggressive, bottom-line-oriented, résumé-building administrators and short of the hands-on staff that dispense the blessed drugs that ease pain. Still, there is no excuse for treating patients and their needs with scorn or apathy. Contemporary hospitals might look state-of-the-art from outside and advertise their concern for humanity with zippy, peppy jingles aired over local radio stations, but—reflecting the values of our society—the people who work in these counterfeit sanctuaries seem to care very little about people or their miseries.

To escape a world where charity is not to be found in hospitals or anywhere else, I plan to move someday to greener pastures. The transformation of the culture of my state into that of the Northeast is almost complete, so I will be migrating eventually to the Blue Ridge Mountains, where courtesy is not considered an aberration and where I have retreated from time to time in the past. Developers and urbanites have begun to invade John Boy's country—Charlottesville has already fallen—and his culture too will disappear with time, but there are still spots along the Parkway where the outrages of scurrying modern man and woman and their issue seem to be light-years away. When I do leave my Maryland and settle in Virginia, the birthplace of my great-grandfather, Bushrod Smith Nash, I will be considered by the locals just another newcomer from up North, but though their lyrical high-country accent will mask my almost imperceptible one and they will misunderstand who I am, I will be happy to be back home with my kinsmen.

Joyce Bennett writes from Leonardtown, Maryland.

LIBERAL ARTS

UNCLE SAM MOVERS, INC.

According to *FAIR Immigration Report*, a federal agency has generously paid $12,000 in moving expenses to an illegal immigrant. When the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development purchased an apartment complex in Oceanside, California, it kicked out all the tenants, most of whom subsequently moved into federally subsidized housing units in the same area. Illegal alien Olivia Solario, ineligible for subsidized housing, was nonetheless able to exploit a relocation law that compensates people thrown out of government-owned housing. "It's the law," said Nancy Lahey, a "relocation specialist" at HUD's Los Angeles office.

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by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

Mexico Way

Back in the 70's when the publicity stunt called Hands Across America was in the planning stage Kenny Rogers announced his intention to assume a position on the western boundary of Texas in order to be able to hold hands with the state of Arizona. I was reminded of the story last summer when a service representative for US West Communications told me that her company does not extend telephone service to New Mexico, where I have subsequently made two payments to US West. Apparently New Mexico is the Lost State, overlooked by country-western singers and employees of great corporations, as well as by high-school geography students. When a friend in Albuquerque suggested that the telephone woman had simply confused New Mexico with Old Mexico—a common error, he insisted—I was politely unbelieving, but that was before I had actually moved down here and experienced other misunderstandings of the sort. What Jim Rauen calls the People's Republic of New Mexico is no longer Old Mexico, but it is a foreign extension of it. Owing to its history, which is substantially that of the Rio Grande corridor and the Camino Real, rising from Ciudad Chihuahua to Santa Fe and Taos, New Mexico—unlike Texas, Arizona, and California—is a border state from top to bottom, not an administrative subdivision of America with a strip of borderland across the base of it.

New Mexico is a very poor state. The median income lies around $13,000 and nearly 50 percent of the inhabitants call a trailer-house home. When a Las Cruces welfare mother hitchhiked 282 miles north to Santa Fe last October to testify against PROGRESS before a committee of the state legislature, the *Las Cruces Sun-News* front-paged a story sympathetically recounting her mission and her message. PROGRESS is New Mexico's answer to the federal mandate requiring that each state devise and implement its own welfare program, subject to federal approval. Installed by the Republican Governor Gary Johnson and his Human Services Secretary Duke Rodriguez in the face of Democratic opposition from the legislature and following

an order by the state Supreme Court to cease and desist, the program was broadly attacked by critics for its allegedly overstringent work requirements and the restrictions it imposes on recipients. Rodriguez resigned and was succeeded in office by Lou Gallegos, the governor's chief of staff, who has vowed not to give up on PROGRESS. But he has a hard fight to look forward to in a heavily Democratic state, many of whose citizens seem to regard a Republican governor as an electoral fluke at best, a usurper at worst.

Chatting with parishioners after Sunday Mass at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Heart of Mary in Las Cruces, I was asked by someone what I do for a living. I explained that I work for one of the two or three top journals of conservative political opinion in the United States, a piece of information that brought a politely reproachful silence. It was broken after several seconds by a woman who had a story to tell me. "A Kirby salesman came to my house the other day," she began, "and he said to me, 'You know, Las Cruces is the worst place I ever visited in my entire life.'" "Well!" another of the women exclaimed, "I hope you told *him* how to get back on the road going home!" "I asked him why," the first woman continued, "and he said to me, 'Why, ma'am,' he said, 'it's because everyone living here in this city is too poor to buy a vacuum cleaner!'" So there I had the parable of the Kirby Vacuum Salesman, intended for political conservatives and others with neither eyes to see nor ears to hear.

Granted that a minority of Americans are unaware that New Mexico has not been governed from Mexico City for the last 160 years, it sometimes seems that of this minority fully 100 percent wish to move to the Land of Enchantment. The result is an influx of immigrants, differing from the natives in two important ways. One, they have money. Two, they are mostly Northerners—meaning "Anglos." They bring a new and different culture to the historic Rio Grande one, directly reversing the cultural flow produced by Mexican immigration and using the power of the almighty dollar to make their innovations stick. The result is a second role reversal: a surge in multiculturalist sentiment throughout what is still, numerically and otherwise, the dominant Spanish-Mexican culture. It offers displays of cultural and ethnic pride good-naturedly for the most part, and the Anglo population, including those who trace their familial histories to territorial days, good-naturedly accepts it. Outwardly at least the majority of new New Mexicans accommodate themselves to old New Mexico, or at least they try to. Among those who do not are the environmentalists, whose agendum includes the anglocization, or Americanization, of the Hispanic society they pay lip service to. Environmental activists would protest, of course, that they are trying to do no such thing; they want a progressivized New Mexico, not an Americanized one. Either way, it amounts to the same thing.

Excepting only the military-industrial-scientific presence (Los Alamos, Intel, Kirtland Air Force Base, the White Sands Missile Range), environmentalism is the greatest revolutionary force New Mexico has experienced since Coronado. By their astutely cynical use of the federal court system environmentalists have enjoyed greater success in the American Southwest than in any other part of the country, including the Greater Yellowstone. Defending the Mexican Spotted Owl they virtually shut down the logging industry in Arizona and southwestern New Mexico; upholding the Southwestern willow flycatcher they are attempting to bring the same fate to ranching in New Mexico. Nothing more goads an urban or suburban environmentalist-protectionist to fury than to reflect that the West of his imagination is not subject to his control, but

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rather that of ranchers, loggers, miners—all those provincial nobodies whose one claim to being somebody is to have earned the right of control by actually living there, out in the sandstorms and blizzards, surrounded by cattle and mountain lions, far, far removed from the preppie-yuppie-professional world of bistros, art movies, think tanks, and power lunches. The latest strategy devised by earth muppets from the Forest Guardians in Santa Fe and the Southwest Center for Biological Diversity in Tucson is to allocate foundation money and contributed funds to outbid ranchers seeking to renew their expiring federal grazing leases and then retire the land from private—or any other—use. The more often the ranchers here in southern New Mexico try to meet and reason with their enemies, the more the enemy shows that he is interested in doing neither. What interests him is winning and winning big, and if the end is that Catron County, deprived of revenue, may soon have to be supported by the taxpayers of Las Cruces in Doña Ana County, then a new broom sweeps clean and there are more ways than one to skin a cat, as Sancho Panza might have remarked.

Meanwhile, a fear is growing that the threat originates far beyond Tucson, Santa Fe, or even Washington, D.C. Late in the summer of 1997 a minor scandal blew up concerning Border Region XXI (as in 21st century), a program of environmental renewal and control in a swath of land extending 100 miles on either side of the American-Mexican border, apparently agreed upon by the Environmental Protection Agency and the United Nations with or without the knowledge or connivance of top officials of the state of New Mexico, depending on which of them you ask.

While it is unclear as yet what Border XXI really means, it is reasonable to suspect that the national and international elites are caught out here in the attempt to have things both ways—indulging three pet projects of theirs, international migration, "free trade," and environments-without-borders, while using the third of these to clean up the mess the first two have made, and whipping pollutive Mexico into line as a by-blow. Mexico operates almost entirely without benefit of effective environmental restrictions, which seems to be the way the large majority of Mexicans want it, including those who live within the 100-mile-wide corridor south of the border. North of it the same vast body of environmental law obtains as it does elsewhere in the United States, while for the present at least development is largely confined to a few big border towns and cities—San Ysleta, Nogales, El Paso, Laredo, Brownsville. So what makes the borderlands a special problem? Nothing, in all likelihood, beyond the irresistible temptation to meddle that any culturally hybrid part of the world offers to the United Nations and also to the United States, its Dr. Frankenstein.

One of New Mexico's more intriguing aspects is the way the culture and the people shade south with the land into Old Mexico. Unlike the other states of the Southwest it is not a 50th part of America rising from a Mexicanized strip. Instead Mexico-in-New-Mexico begins immediately below the Colorado state line and makes its deepening presence felt as you head southward. The high incidence of 25 and 30-year-old jalopies on the highways is an early sign, like the gas pumps pumping leaded gas. So are the cramped adobe houses, the trailer homes, the chickens roosted on automotive hulks in the yards, the two or three generations of refrigerators hauled out and set against the exterior wall. And so, by the way, are the modest homes brightly painted and charmingly maintained on no money, in poverty-stricken towns or neighborhoods or on in-holdings within some *rico*'s extensive spread. Residential zoning is haphazard in New as it is in Old Mexico, where a block of poor houses is typically interrupted by a rich man's handsome and stately residence, beautifully tended and locked away between black iron gates and grilles. Northern New Mexico is predominantly Old Spanish in its culture. Central New Mexico is, to use the convenient but wildly inaccurate nomenclature given the imprimatur of the United States government, Hispanic. Southern New Mexico remains essentially a sanitized and regulated extension of the real Mexico, full of Mexicanized towns like Hatch where the dark-skinned men—hatted, with red bandannas knotted around their necks—leaning from recessed windows and standing against the door posts of century-old adobes, are indistinguishable from the *vaqueros* you will meet down in Janos, Chihuahua State, or Buénaventura. When one country annexes territory belonging to another country it annexes its people and its culture too, and there isn't a thing it can, or should, do about it.

Twenty miles east of the New Mexican boot heel the American town of Columbus and the Mexican one of Palomas face one another at a distance of three miles or so across the border in what looks to be a Mexican standoff, following the publicized dispute that ended the busing of school children from Palomas to Columbus. Otherwise the two communities appear to get along all right—as they should, being half-sisters under the skin and with a strong family resemblance on the surface. I parked at the border station, activated the truck's antitheft device against hijacking by Mexican car thieves, and walked over into Mexico where a crew was at work giving the four-lane boulevard running up to the crossing its first paving job (anticipating benefits from NAFTA, I presumed). The other streets in town were all dirt ones. Ancient vehicles jouncing in the ruts and potholes raised clouds of pale dust that choked the streets, then drifted away across the crumbling adobe houses and the plaza with its white-painted trees, its iron benches, and gazebo. The town felt much more alive than Columbus, people selling things in the streets, offloading crates of coca, trimming the dust-laden shrubbery in the yards, and coming and going around the *aduana* and the foreign motor vehicle registration office. Now and then I would catch someone's eye and touching my hat tell him "*Buenas tardes*" and he would smile and reply "*Buenas tardes*" in return. Gringos going into everyday Mexico and wanting to feel more at home there ought to consider shucking their Nike shoes, short pants, and golf shirts and putting on blue jeans, cowboy boots, a snap-button yoke-back shirt, and a straw Western hat. This is the dress of the Mexican male of the agricultural and industrial working classes, and it helps to bridge the cultural divide between El Norte and El Sur. (In New Mexico also Western dress ingratiates you with the indigenous population, brown and white, while inviting the affluent Anglo transplant class to give you the stare-through treatment.)

Across the plaza was a simple brick church. I entered and walked forward to say a prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, grateful for the knowledge that I was as welcome here as in San Albino in Mesilla, or St. Peter's at Rome. Home, as the saying goes, is where you find it.

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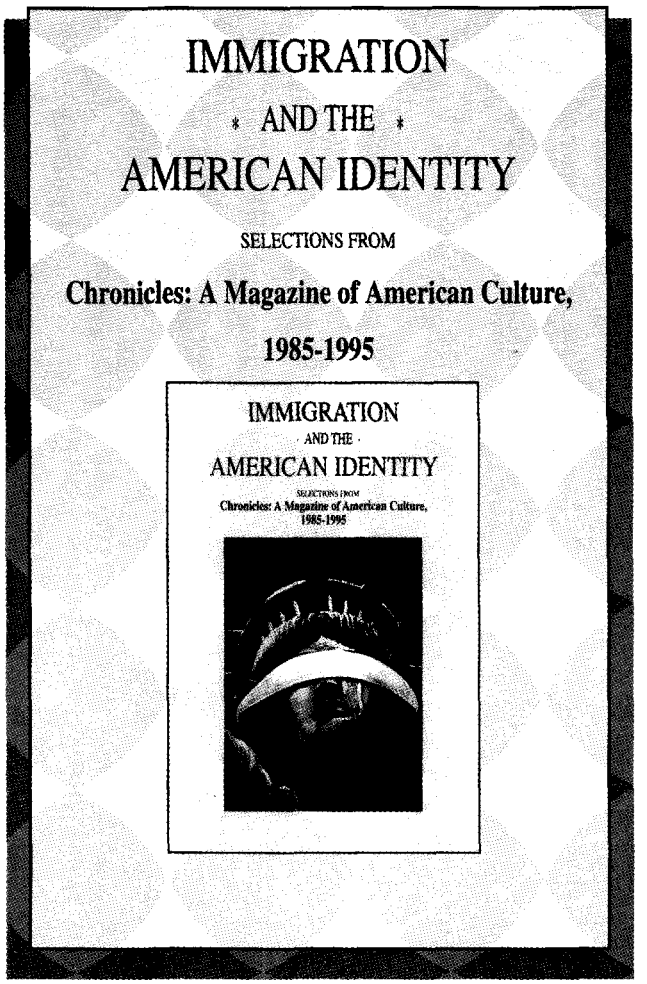

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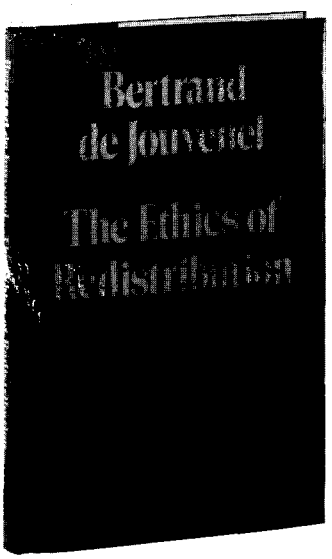

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